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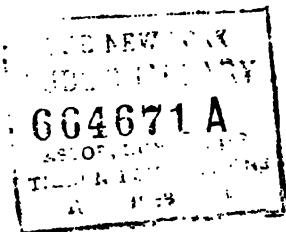


THE
COLUMBIAN READER,
COMPRISING
A NEW AND VARIOUS SELECTION
OF
ELEGANT EXTRACTS
IN
PROSE AND POETRY,
OR THE USE OF SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED STATES.
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED AN
INTRODUCTION
ON THE
ARTS ~~OF~~ READING AND SPEAKING:

By RODOLPHUS DICKINSON, Esq.
Author of GEOGRAPHICAL PUBLICATIONS, &c.

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P. & C. WILLIAMS, BOSTON, AND EZEKIEL GOODALE,
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BE IT REMEMBERED that on the twenty-second
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Introduction on the Arts of Reading and Speaking: By ROBERT
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Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

Boston, October 15, 1815.

THE Compiler has attempted, in this work, to present the American public, with an assemblage of the most brilliant beauties of composition. The introduction is derived from an elegant and comprehensive course of Lectures on Rhetoric, by a late distinguished citizen of Philadelphia. In the selection of the other part, reference has been had, as far as practicable, to subjects that were deemed most interesting to the American reader. It will be perceived that native productions have been extensively used ; and all will feel a just pride in the very honorable testimony they exhibit, of the literary taste and genius of our country. Responsibility for the correctness of the religious and moral tendency of the work, has been felt in its full force : and it is confidently believed, that not a sentiment will be found, unfavorable to virtue. The Compiler indulges the hope that the publication will be, comparatively, adapted to the professed object ; and aside from that consideration, that even the admirers of fine writing, will not regard him as having performed a thankless office.

R. D.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

General Observations on the Arts of Reading and Speaking,	
Accent,	
Emphasis,	
Pauses,	
Tones,	
Looks,	
Delineation of some of the most powerful passions,	
Gesture,	
On the Reading or Recitation of different Species of Prose and Poetry,	

SELECTIONS IN PROSE.

Sententious Maxims,	<i>Port Folio.</i>
Industry,	<i>ib.</i>
Punctuality and Neatness,	
Modesty contrasted with Fear,	<i>Anon.</i>
Urbanity,	<i>ib.</i>
Integrity,	<i>Blair.</i>
Charity	<i>ib.</i>
Religion and Morality,	<i>Washington</i>
Attributes of God,	<i>Blair.</i>
Example of our Saviour,	<i>ib.</i>
Importance of a serious examination of Christianity,	<i>Paley</i>
Religion contrasted with unbelief,	<i>Anon.</i>
Christianity an internal principle,	<i>H. More.</i>
Just distribution of Nature,	<i>Sterne.</i>
The point of honor,	<i>ib.</i>
The Corporal,	<i>ib.</i>
Advantages of novelty,	<i>Grove.</i>
Pleasures of the imagination,	<i>Addison.</i>
Cultivation of memory,	<i>Anon.</i>
Diversity of views and passions,	<i>Port Folio.</i>
A provision for the poor,	<i>Sterne.</i>
Golden age,	<i>Barlow.</i>
Responsibility of men of genius,	<i>Anon.</i>

	PAGE.
General correctness of the public estimate of talents,	<i>Wirt.</i> 72
Means of perpetuating the memory of the illustrious,	<i>Smith.</i> 74
Happiness,	<i>Addison.</i> 75
National pride,	<i>Port Folio.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Literary retirement,	<i>Pliny.</i> 79
Declension of literary taste,	<i>Wirt.</i> 80
Addison's Spectator,	<i>ib.</i> 81
Thompson's Seasons,	<i>Stockdale.</i> 82
Female education,	<i>Hopkinson.</i> 83
Eloquence,	<i>Anon.</i> 85
Hints on the eloquence of the bar,	<i>H. K. White.</i> 86
Art of printing,	<i>Port Folio.</i> 87
Geography,	<i>ib.</i> 88
Passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge in Virginia,	<i>Jefferson.</i> 90
Falls of Niagara,	<i>Anon.</i> 91
White Mountains in New-Hampshire,	<i>Belknap.</i> 92
Mount Etna,	<i>New Edinburgh Encyclopedia.</i> 93
Earthquakes,	<i>Port Folio.</i> 94
Comets,	<i>ib.</i> 95
Apostrophe to the Ocean,	<i>Keate.</i> 96
to the Sun,	<i>Ossian.</i> 97
Ruins of Palmyra,	<i>Volney.</i> 98
Conflagration of a cottage,	<i>Goldsmith.</i> 100
Hamlet, a tale,	<i>Port Folio.</i> 101
Surrender of Lord Cornwallis,	<i>Lee.</i> 106

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS.

Character of Gen. Washington,	<i>Foreign Magazine.</i> 109
Alexander Hamilton,	<i>Ames.</i> 110
Fisher Ames,	<i>Kirkland.</i> 114
John Marshall,	<i>Wirt.</i> 117
Joseph Dennie,	<i>Port Folio.</i> 121
Notice of Patrick Henry,	<i>Wirt.</i> 126
Sir Robert Boyle,	<i>ib.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Character of William Pitt,	<i>Port Folio.</i> 128
Edmund Burke,	<i>M'Intosh.</i> 130
Charles J. Fox,	<i>ib.</i> 133
John P. Curran,	<i>Wirt.</i> 136
Lord Clive,	<i>Paine.</i> 138
Shakspeare's Othello,	<i>Port Folio.</i> 140

SPECIMENS OF ELOQUENCE.

Extract from Mr. Burke's Speech on conciliation with America,	141
on declining the election,	142
on Mr. Fox's East India Bill,	144
on the Nabob of Arcot's	
debts,	147
on the trial of Lord Hastings,	150
Extract from Mr. Curran's Speech on the trial of Rowan,	151

CONTENTS.

VII

	PAGE.
Extract from Mr. Curran's Speech on the trial of Finerty,	154
Extract from Mr. Wirt's Speech on the trial of Aaron Burr, for high treason,	156
Extract from Mr. Russell's Oration on American Independence,	160
Extract from a Sermon on the resurrection of our Saviour,	<i>Anon.</i> <i>ib.</i>
Extract from Dr. Dwight's Sermon on Duelling,	161

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

The Polar Regions,	<i>Thompson.</i>	166
Perishing Traveller,	<i>ib.</i>	<i>ib.</i>
Domestic happiness,	<i>ib.</i>	168
Influence of Spring on birds,	<i>ib.</i>	169
Extracts from the writings of H. K. White,		171
Dialogue,	<i>Congreve's Mourning Bride.</i>	172
To the herb rosemary,	<i>H. K. White</i>	174
Genius,	<i>ib.</i>	175
Maternal affection,	<i>Campbell.</i>	177
Hospitality,	<i>Wilson.</i>	<i>ib.</i>
Scene from Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming,		178
Happy power of love, and advice to cherish it,	<i>Tighe.</i>	180
The soldier of the Alps,	<i>Port Folio.</i>	181
American Scenery,	<i>Barlow.</i>	183
_____ rarely described by the muse,	<i>Wilson.</i>	186
The Susquehanna,	<i>ib.</i>	187
Means of education in the United States,	<i>Barlow.</i>	188
The Schoolmaster,	<i>Wilson.</i>	<i>ib.</i>
A vision,	<i>Shenstone.</i>	189
Castle of fancy,	<i>Paine.</i>	192
Mr. Cooke's address on the Philadelphia stage,	<i>Port Folio.</i>	193
Windsor,	<i>Lansdown.</i>	194
Sonnet, from Petrarch,		195
The joy of Grief,	<i>Montgomery.</i>	<i>ib.</i>
The Grave,	<i>ib.</i>	198
Hymn to the Deity,	<i>Thompson.</i>	201



INTRODUCTION.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE ARTS OF READING AND SPEAKING.

IT may be useful to offer some general principles upon which the arts of reading and speaking are founded ; by the knowledge and strict observance of which principles alone, correctness of enunciation, gracefulness of delivery, and that impressive communication of thought, which arrest the attention and captivate the heart, are to be obtained. The correct and graceful reader or speaker, possesses a power little short of that ascribed to necromancers and magicians, of fascinating and enchaining the fancy, imagination, and affections of the persons they address, and thus leading them captive at their will.

By the art of reading, I mean the art of correct and articulate pronunciation ; or, of intelligibly, emphatically, and impressively repeating what is written in any language : or, in other words, the art of reading well, consists in pronouncing the thoughts of others, or our own, exhibited in visible characters, as if the same had their full and proper operation, on our minds, and were the result of our own immediate conception. He, therefore, who would acquire a just and forcible pronunciation in reading, must not only fully comprehend the sense or meaning, but enter into the spirit of his author : for he can never convey the force and fulness of the author's ideas to another, unless he feels them himself : and the voice will naturally vary, according to the impression made upon the mind, or the passion excited. In common conversation, we speak in a natural voice, with proper accent, emphasis,

and tone ; yet when we read or recite the sentiments of others, we too frequently assume a stiff, lifeless, or unnatural manner. The reason is, that in the one case we feel what we express, and instinctively commit the expression of it to nature alone, who if unrestrained, will always give just and forcible expression to sentiment : whereas, in the other case, as we do not feel, though we may fully comprehend and understand the meaning of an author, we cannot possibly commit the expression of the sentiment to the agency of nature alone, animated as she invariably is, by the pure operation of mind upon the organs of sense.

A mere audible recital of the words of any author, as it may be made by a person who does not understand, and what is more, who does not feel what he says, so it may be made also in such a manner as not to be understood by those who hear him ; or, if not totally unintelligible, he at least but imperfectly or obscurely understood ; whereas the art of reading well, consists in conveying to the hearer the whole meaning of the writer. Socrates has truly observed, that all men are eloquent on those subjects which they perfectly understand ; and Cicero remarks, with equal truth, though with less acuteness, that no man can speak well on those topics which he has not studied. To this end, it is evidently necessary that the reader should himself understand and feel what he reads, before he can possibly repeat it intelligibly and effectually to others.

Men will not suppose that we are affected by a subject, if they do not observe in the delivery of our language the marks of emotion in our souls. Commiseration will never be excited by a smiling countenance. To draw a tear, you must feel enough to shed one. And it is for this reason, your language must carry the marks of the passions you wish to communicate.

This is the first and indisputable qualification of a good reader, without which, the clearest and most articulate pronunciation, with all the aid of tone, look,

and gesture, will avail nothing, or only serve to mislead the hearer : the reader and speaker, though each has his distinct province in the art of public recitation or pronunciation, being understood to say what they appear to mean, rather than what they literally utter.

There are many persons of most excellent understanding, who perfectly comprehend what they read, and yet are incapable of justly conveying to others, the meaning they so fully comprehend ; and this, not from any ignorance of the language, nor from any defect in their faculties, or organs of speech ; but from want of having properly cultivated them by a careful and studious attention to the essential principles of the art of reading. This art does not consist, like that of acting, in really adopting the words and sentiments of the writer ; it is sufficient that the reader recite what is written, in such a manner, that the auditors at the time of hearing, may conceive it then first spoken by the person reciting, or at least in such a manner, as the person first speaking it would naturally have uttered it.

That the pupil should have a knowledge of some of those leading precepts and principles, which are dictated by nature and reason, cannot be denied ; but these alone will not make him a master of the art. He will find from experience that an emphatic pause, accompanied by a suitable look, and inflexion of tone, at certain places, either attended to or neglected, will give a captivating expression to a sentence, or completely destroy its proper effect, if not its meaning : and that the greatest beauties in the delivery of a sentence depend so much upon such simple graces of expression, of tone, and countenance, as will at once convince him of the impossibility of their being gained by any written system whatever. The subject must first operate upon the reader or speaker, before he can properly operate upon the subject.

The fundamental law of reading or speaking is, "Follow nature ;" without an attentive regard to which, all other rules will only produce stiff and affected declamation ; not just elocution. For no one can deserve

the appellation of a good reader or speaker, much less of an accomplished orator, who does not, to a distinct articulation, a ready command of voice, and just pronunciation, accent and emphasis, add the various expressions of emotion and passion.

Reading may, with propriety, be called artificial speaking; as it is indeed the imitation of natural eloquence. Hence, like all other imitative arts, its end is defeated by every appearance of study, habit, or affectation. Any peculiarity of tone and manner in reading must be disagreeable, as it is unnatural. It is, nevertheless, very certain, that as there are few common readers who have not a disagreeable tone; so there are few pretended adepts in this art, who are not declaimers. It is difficult to say which of the two is the most disgusting. It is plain, however, that as the former must get rid of his acquired habit, so the latter must unlearn almost all he hath learned, before he can possibly be a good reader; and to reform bad habits is infinitely more difficult, than to commence and proceed correctly.

Indeed, before any rules can be received for the study of this art, it is necessary to eradicate those prejudices which will prevent people from profiting by them. For men's prejudices have a powerful effect upon their judgment, and often pervert it when they perceive it not themselves. But to eradicate entirely a vitious habit of pronunciation, must be the work of time, and the effect of repeated exertions.

The ground work, or fundamental principle of both the arts of reading and of public speaking, is distinctness of articulation, or the giving to every sound which is uttered, its due proportion, and making every word, syllable, and even every letter in the word, be heard distinctly. An accurate knowledge of the simple elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in uttering them, are so necessary to distinctness of expression, that it will be in vain to indulge the hope of being a good reader, if every elementary sound of the language cannot be first completely and easily articulated.

Next to an accurate knowledge of, and facility in uttering the elementary sounds, in their various combinations, a command of the principles of accentuation must be acquired, though in this respect our language is subject to frequent changes. Accent appears to be the most unstable part of the English language. We can all remember words differently accented, from the present practice, and many might be collected which still are fluctuating with their accent unsettled.

The chief instruments of elocution, are the voice, the countenance, and the hands ; or rather their productions, tones, looks, and gestures. By the tones, or modulations of the human voice, the various sentiments and passions of the human mind are expressed.

Accent, emphasis, and pauses may be said to constitute the mechanical parts of the arts of reading, and speaking ; the mere sense or meaning of an author being communicated by them, while the spirit and energy of the sentiments can only be conveyed by the various tones, or inflexions of the voice. A correct acquaintance, therefore, with them, and a just observance of them, constitute one of the most essential branches of elocution. Accent affects only letters and syllables ; emphasis, only words ; but tones affect sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes the whole of a discourse.

The object of reading and speaking, however, is not merely to express the ideas, but also the different feelings, which they excite in him who utters them ; there must, therefore, be other signs than mere words to manifest those feelings. Language should not only convey the dictates of the understanding, but the emotions of the heart. The latter are expressed by various tones ; and it is chiefly in the proper use of those tones, that the life, spirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery consist.

This correct and natural language of the heart, is not so difficult to be attained, as may at first view be imagined. If we properly consider and enter into the spirit of the author's sentiments, as well as into the

meaning of his words, and endeavor to consider them our own, we shall not fail to deliver the words, in natural and properly varied tones : for there are few people who have not accurate use of accent, emphasis, pauses, and tones, (which are four of the indispensable principles of good reading) when they utter their own sentiments in common conversation, particularly if the subject be in any degree interesting to them. A man who is earnest in communicating any thing to another, who is animated by anger, agitated by fear, or is under the immediate influence of any of the passions, requires no exertion to express those passions ; but will naturally, indeed, unavoidably communicate his feelings with appropriate tones, looks, and gestures. That all have not the same use of them in reading aloud the sentiments of others, is to be imputed, first, to the want of interest in the subject, and secondly, to the very defective and erroneous manner in which the art of reading is generally taught ; whereby all the various, natural, expressive tones of speech, are suppressed, and a few artificial, unmeaning notes are substituted for them. Hence the dull, uninteresting, monotonous style of reading which so generally prevails, and is of course, so generally offensive and disgusting.

Did readers, in general, employ the same colloquial tones in expressing the sentiments of others, which they use in expressing their own, all these disagreeable properties would be avoided.

With regard to action, the rule is the same as in pronunciation ; to follow nature, and to avoid affectation. The action of the body and the several parts of it, must correspond with the pronunciation, as that does with the style, and the style with the subject ; a perfect harmony of all which constitutes the complete orator.

Articulation implies those modifications of sound, by which the letters, syllables, or words of any language are expressed by the operation of the voice, or faculty of speech. And the business of articulation is to make a distinction in sounds, be their tone, their loudness or lowness what it will ; thereby to give a

distinct and audible utterance to all the several sounds of which the words of a language are susceptible.

A correct articulation, which is the essential property of a good reader or speaker, consists in giving a full and distinct utterance to the several simple and complex sounds. The nature of these sounds ought to be well understood, and much pains should be taken to discover and correct those faults in articulation, which, though often ascribed to some defect in the organs of speech, are generally the consequence of inattention or bad example. The most effectual mode of conquering bad habits in reading or speaking, is, to read aloud passages chosen for the purpose ; such, for instance, as abound with long and unusual words, or in which many short syllables come together, and to read much slower than the sense and just speaking would require. Almost all persons, who have not studied the art of speaking, have a habit of uttering their words so rapidly, that this exercise ought to be carefully observed ; for where there is a uniformly rapid utterance, it is absolutely impossible that there should be strong emphasis, natural tones, or any just elocution. There may be also an extreme on the opposite side : a lifeless, drawling manner, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the reader or speaker, must render every such performance insipid and fatiguing. But the error of reading too fast is much more common. To pronounce, therefore, with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, is necessary to be studied and invariably adhered to, by all who wish to become good readers, and it cannot receive too much attention. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to the subject. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses or rests which it allows it more easily to make, and enables the reader to swell all his sounds both with more force and more harmony.

Emphasis distinguishes, by a stress of the voice, one or more words in a sentence from the rest ; thereby expressing, with proper precision and effect, the true import and meaning intended to be communicated.

ACCENT.

The term accent means a peculiar manner of expressing one letter in a syllable, or syllable in a word, from the rest, that it may be better heard or distinguished from them. Accent, in our language, is only a species of emphasis. When one word in a sentence is distinguished by the voice as more important than the rest, we say that it is emphatical, or that an emphasis is laid upon it; when one syllable in a word is distinguished by the voice and more audible than the rest, we say that it is accented, or that an accent is put upon it. Accent, therefore, is to syllables, what emphasis is to sentences; it distinguishes one from the crowd, and brings it forward to observation.

If this account be right, it naturally follows, that in monosyllables, accent and emphasis must be the same; and that those monosyllables alone have any accent, which are capable of being emphatical. Monosyllabic nouns and verbs are therefore accented; but particles and other subservient parts of speech are, for the most part, incapable of any accent, if monosyllables. We therefore find them in verse generally disposed in the unaccented part of each foot; as, "*Fa'r as the solar wa'lk, or mi'ky wa'y.*" For the same reason, many monosyllables are occasionally accented, or not, according to their accidental importance.

So exactly is accent, in English, the same as emphasis, that when words of different meaning are contrasted, the accent of one is often changed from its natural seat, to that distinctive syllable which the opposition has rendered emphatical. Thus the accent of *unso'ciable* and *into'lerable*, is regularly upon the syllables *so* and *to*; but when we say some men are *socia'ble*, others *un-so'ciable*; some *tolerable*, others *in-to'lerable*; we usually throw the accent upon *un*, and *in*, the particles upon which the contrast depends.

Accent is either principal or secondary.

The principal accent is that which necessarily distinguishes one syllable in a word from the rest. The secondary accent is that which we may occasionally

place on another syllable besides that which has the principal accent, in order to pronounce every part of the word more distinctly, forcibly, and harmoniously ; thus *privateer*, *domineer*, *caravan*, have an accent on the first, as well as on the last syllable, though a somewhat less forcible one. The same may be observed of *violin*, *repartee*, *complaisant*, *referee*, &c.

In accenting words, care should be taken to avoid all affected deviations from common usage. There is the greatest occasion for this precaution, as a rule has been arbitrarily and injudiciously introduced upon this subject by some *superficial orthoëpists*, which has no foundation either in the structure of the English language, or in the principles of harmony, to wit, that in words consisting of more than two syllables, the accent should be thrown as far back as possible. This rule has occasioned much pedantic and irregular pronunciation, and has perhaps introduced all the uncertainty which attends the accentuation of several English words.

Accent generally dwells with greatest force and propriety, on that part of the word which from its importance, the hearer has always the greatest occasion to observe ;—and this is necessarily the root or body of the word. But as harmony of termination frequently attracts the accent from the root to the branches of the word, so the first and most natural law of accentuation seems to operate less in fixing the accent than any other. Accent seems to be regulated in a great measure by etymology, and a regard to the classical laws of the different languages from which words are derived. And if we add the different accents we lay on some words, to distinguish them from others, we seem to have three great principles of accentuation ; the radical, the terminational, and the distinctive : the radical, as *love*, *lovely*, *loveliness* ; the terminational, as *harmony*' *harmonious*, the distinctive, as a *convert*, to *convert*.

The following rules respecting accent, are a few of the most essential.

Dissyllables have necessarily one of them accented, and but one. The word *amen*, is the only word which is pronounced with two accents, when alone. Dissyllables formed by affixing a termination, have generally the former syllable accented, as *childish*, *father*, *kingdom*.

Dissyllables formed by prefixing a syllable to the radical word, have commonly the accent on the latter ; as to *return*, to *beseem*.

Dissyllables, which have two vowels that are separated in the pronunciation, have always the accent on the first syllable, as *lion*, *ruin* *riot*, except the word *create*.

As words increase in syllables the more easily is their accent known. Trisyllables formed by adding a termination, or prefixing a syllable, retain the accent of the radical word ; as *loveliness*, *tenderness*, *consentner*, *commenting*, *commending*, *assurance*.

Trisyllables which have in the middle syllable a diphthong, as *endeavor*, or a vowel before two consonants, as *domestic* accent the middle syllable,

Trisyllables which have the accent on the last syllable, are commonly French, as *magazine*, *reparté*, *acquiesce* ; or they are words formed by prefixing one or two syllables to a short syllable ; as *immature*, *overcharge*.

When the true accent of dissyllables is known, those polysyllables, whose terminations are perfectly English, have likewise their accent invariably settled.

Of accent, as well as of spelling, and of idiom, there is a standard in every polite nation ; and in all these particulars, the example of approved authors, and the practice of those, who by their rank, education, and way of life, have had the best opportunities to know men and manners, and domestic and foreign literature, ought undoubtedly to possess considerable influence.

EMPHASIS.

The word *emphasis*, imports the marking by the voice, any word or words in a phrase or sentence, as more important than the rest. All variations of the

voice, indicating affirmation, interrogation, admiration, surprise, indignation, complaint, or any other intention or affection of the mind, are modes of emphasis, or pointing out ; operating either by accent, or quantity, or both ; and therefore very important to harmony.

From this general idea of emphasis, it will readily appear of how much consequence it is to readers and speakers not to be mistaken in it. The necessity of distinguishing the emphatical words from the rest, has made writers on this subject extremely solicitous to give such rules for placing the emphasis, as may, in some measure, facilitate this difficult part of elocution, but few have gone further than to tell us, that we must place the emphasis on that word in reading which we would make emphatical in speaking ; and though the importance of emphasis is insisted on with the utmost force and elegance of language, no assistance is given us to determine, which is the emphatic word, where several appear equally emphatical, which is frequently the case, nor have we any rule to distinguish between those words which have a greater and those which have a less degree of stress ; the sense of the author is the whole direction we are referred to, and consequently all is left to the taste and understanding of the reader.

The principal circumstance that distinguishes emphatical words from others, seems to be a meaning which points out, or distinguishes something as distinct or opposite to some other thing. When this opposition is expressed in words, it forms an antithesis, the opposite parts of which are always emphatical. Thus in the following couplet from Pope :

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in *writing*, or in *judging* ill.

The words *writing* and *judging* are opposed to each other, and are, therefore, the emphatical words ; where we may likewise observe, that the disjunctive conjunction, *or*, by which the antithesis is connected, means one of the things exclusively of the other. The

same may be observed in another couplet from the same author, where one branch of the antithesis is not expressed but understood :

Get wealth and place, if possible, with grace :
If not, by *any means*, get wealth and place.

Here it appears evidently, that the words *any means*, which are the most emphatical, are directly opposed to the means understood by the word *grace*, and, the last line is perfectly equivalent to this : *If not by these means, by any other means, get wealth and place.* Hence, to convey their right meaning, the words *any means*, are evidently to be pronounced louder and fuller than the others.

In these instances the opposition suggested by the emphatical word, is evident at first sight : in other cases, perhaps, the antithesis is not quite so obvious : but, if an emphasis can be laid on any word, we may be assured *that* word is in antithesis with some meaning agreeable to the general sense of the passage.

To illustrate this, if we pronounce a line of Marcus in Cato, where, expressing his indignation at the behavior of Caesar, he says,

I'm tortur'd e'en to madness, when I *think*
Of the proud victor——,

we shall find the greatest stress fall naturally on that word, which seems opposed to some common or general meaning : for the young hero does not say, in the common and unemphatic sense of the word *think*, that he is tortured even to madness when he thinks of Caesar ; but in the strong and emphatic sense of this word, which implies, not only when I hear or discourse of him, but even when I *think* of him, I am tortured even to madness. As the word *think*, therefore, rises above the common level of signification, it is pronounced above the common level of sound ; and as this signification is opposed to a signification less forcible, the word may properly be said to be emphatical.

This more than ordinary meaning, or a meaning opposed to some other meaning, seems to be the principal source of emphasis ; for if, as in the last instance, we find the words will bear this opposition to their common signification, we may be sure they are emphatical.

The proper use of emphasis in reading is to be acquired by a due degree of attention and practice. Every one who understands what he reads, cannot fail of finding out every emphatic word ; and his business then is to mark it properly ; not by stress only, as in the accented syllable, but by change of note suited to the matter which constitutes the essence of emphasis. If it be asked how the proper note is always to be ascertained, my answer is, that he must not only understand, but feel the sentiments of the author ;—as all internal feeling must be expressed by notes, which is the language of emotions ; not words, the language of ideas. And if he enter into the spirit of his author's sentiments, as well as into the meaning of his words, he will not fail to deliver the words in properly varied notes, unless the natural inflexions of his voice be vitiated or distorted by provincial tones or foreign accent ; for there are few people, who speak English with these, who have not the most accurate use of emphasis and tone when they utter their sentiments in common discourse ; and the reason that they have not the same use of them in reading aloud the sentiments of others, is owing to the very defective and erroneous method, in which the art of reading is generally taught ; whereby all the various, natural, expressive tones of speech, and consequently from their intimate connexion, much of the force and correct influence of emphasis, is suppressed and a few monotonous, unmeaning tones are substituted in their place.

There is certainly no one principle in the art of reading, in which more frequent mistakes are committed than in this important one of emphasis, both with regard to stress and tone. The chief reason of this general abuse of emphasis, seems to be, that persons so frequently read sentences which they do not

understand ; and as it is impossible to lay the emphasis rightly without perfectly comprehending the meaning of what is read, they get a habit, either of reading in a monotonous tone, or, if they attempt to distinguish one word from the rest, as the emphasis falls at random, the sense is usually perverted, or changed into nonsense. Emphasis, therefore, though essentially necessary to give energy to language, must ever be considered as subject to the precision of grammatical truth ; for if a correct observance of the laws of orthography and syntax do not accompany the readers orthoepy and emphasis, his oratory will be but “ as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.” The object of language is to communicate information to the mind or improvement to the understanding, which are certainly of more importance than merely impressing or pleasing the ear with the force of sound by emphasis ; for though that may be necessary to awaken attention and thereby to enforce sentiment, it would be better that such attention should remain asleep, than be awakened by those means which mislead the judgment and serve to communicate error.

Reading should be considered as nothing more than speaking at sight by the assistance of letters ; in the same manner as singing at sight is performed in music by the assistance of notes. And as it is certain that nature if left to herself, directs every one in the right use of emphasis, when they utter their own immediate sentiments, they should have the same unerring rule to guide them after they have been written down, whether they are their own or the sentiments of others contained in books. The best method of correcting this false emphasis is, frequently to read aloud some passages from books written in an easy, familiar style, and particularly that of dialogue ; and at the end of every sentence, let the reader ask himself this question : How should I utter this, were I speaking it as my own immediate sentiment ? In that case, on what words should I lay the emphasis, and with what change of notes in the voice ? Though at first sight he may find that his former habit will counteract his

endeavors in this new way, yet by perseverance he cannot fail of success ; particularly if he will get each sentence by heart, for some time, and revolve it in his mind, with that view, without looking at the book.—Nor should he be discouraged by frequent disappointments in the first attempts, but repeat the same sentence till he is correct.

PAUSES.

The proper use of pauses in reading and speaking is essential to give precision and expression to the sentiment. They are equally necessary to the *hearer* and to the *speaker*. To the *speaker*, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery, and that he may, by these temporary rests, relieve the organs of speech, which otherwise would be soon fatigued by uninterrupted action : to the *hearer*, that the ear also may be relieved from the fatigue which it would otherwise endure from a continuity of sound, and that the understanding may have sufficient time to mark the distinction of sentences, and their several members.

The pauses necessary to be observed in reading, are of two kinds : first, those which mark the divisions of the sense, and are therefore called grammatical or sentential pauses, such as the comma, the semi-colon, the colon, and the period. To these are to be added the note of interrogation, the note of exclamation, and the parenthesis. These three being expressed not so much by the length of time to be observed in pausing, as by the tone of voice.

Secondly. Emphatical pauses, which are made when something is said of peculiar moment, on which we wish to fix the hearer's attention. These sometimes coincide with the sentential stops ; but more frequently occur where they are not expressed.

Pauses in discourse, answer the same ends that shades do in pictures ; by the proper use of which, the objects stand out distinctly to the eye ; and without which were the colors to run into one another, it would be difficult to discriminate the several fig-

ures of the composition. In order to get the better of this bad habit of running sentences into one another it is recommended to every reader to make his pauses longer than is necessary, till by degrees he brings them to their due proportion.

The use of pauses being not only to elucidate the meaning, but to give expression to the sentiments of an author, taste as well as judgment is essentially necessary in a reader ; and this taste must be founded upon an active sensibility of the author's feelings, and the most natural and consequently the most forcible mode of communicating them agreeably to the nature of the subject discussed.

TONES.

That branch of the correct pronunciation of written language, which relates to the *tones*, or to the nature, modulation, and operation of the human voice, informing, by its inflexions, those many expressions of sentiment and passion which give energy to language and efficacy to thought. By the tones or modulations of the human voice, as well as by *looks* and *gestures*, the various sentiments and passions of the human mind are expressed.

Every person has three pitches in his voice ; the *high*, the *middle* and the *low*. The high is that which he uses when under the influence of violent passion, or when calling aloud to some person at a distance ; the low is used under great depression of mind, or when he approaches to a whisper ; the middle is that which is employed in conversation, and which should generally be used in reading aloud. The various modifications of which these three pitches are capable, constitute those tones which give such wonderful animation and energy to language.

As persons are differently affected when they speak, so they naturally alter the tone of their voice, though they do not attend to it. It rises, sinks, and has various inflexions given to it, according to the present state and disposition of the mind. When the mind is calm and sedate, the voice is moderate and even ;

when the former is dejected with sorrow, the latter is languid ; and when that is inflamed by passion, this is extended and elevated. It is the reader or speaker's business, therefore, to follow nature, and to endeavor that the tone of his voice appear natural and unaffected. And for this end he must take care to suit it to the nature of the subject, but still always to be grave and decent : neither too low nor too loud ; all the music and harmony of speech lying in the proper temperament of the voice between these extremes.

Correct pronunciation, exact emphasis, and the expressive charms of graceful action, would all fail to please without proper vocal modulation or tone. We are indeed susceptible of strong and lively impressions from silent action ; but if the most animated action were accompanied with a monotonous or a discordant voice it could not be endured.

Every person should regulate his tones by the natural key of his own voice. A voice is said to be clear when the organs of speech are suited to give every single letter, and all the combinations of them in syllables and words their proper and distinct sound ; yet an obscure and confused voice is not always occasioned by a deficiency in the organs of speech, but frequently is the effect of custom and a bad habit. Some persons, either from want of due care in their education at first, or from inadvertency and negligence afterwards, run into a very irregular and confused manner of expressing their words, so as to render what they say often unintelligible. But all faults of this kind which proceed from habit, are to be overcome by attention, diligence, perseverance and correct instruction.

Polite conversation seems to be the best groundwork of the tones of delivery ; and if the house in which the speaker appears, be not too large, a great many of them may always be introduced.

In studying cadences the capital rule seems to be, to imitate those varieties which occur in conversation when men are in earnest, and express themselves as prompted by the natural feelings of their minds. If

or anticipation of evil. When this is attended with surprise or much discomposure, it grows into terror and consternation.

Fear, violent and sudden, opens wide the eyes and mouth, shortens the nose, gives the countenance an air of wildness, covers it with deadly paleness, draws back the elbows parallel with the sides, and lifts up the open hands with the fingers spread, to the height of the breast, at some distance before it, so as to shield it from the dreadful object. One foot is drawn back behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for flight. The heart beats violently, the breath is quick and short, and the whole body is thrown into a general tremor. The voice is weak and trembling, the sentences are short, and the meaning confused and incoherent.

SORROW.

Sorrow is a painful depression of spirit, upon the deprivation of good, or arrival of evil; when it is silent and thoughtful, it is sadness; when long indulged, so as to prey upon and possess the mind, it becomes habitual and grows into melancholy; when tossed by hopes and fears, it is distraction: when these are swallowed up by it, it settles into despair.

In moderate sorrow, the countenance is dejected, the eyes are cast downwards, the arms hang loose, sometimes a little raised, and suddenly fall back again: the hands open, the fingers spread, and the voice plaintive, frequently interrupted with sighs. But when this passion is in excess, it distorts the countenance, as if in agonies of pain; it raises the voice to the loudest complainings, and sometimes even to cries and shrieks; it wrings the hands, beats the head and breast, tears the hair, and throws itself on the ground; and like other passions in excess seems to border on frenzy.

GESTURE.

Correct and graceful gesture may be defined, a just and elegant adaptation of every part of the body to the

nature and import of the subject we are pronouncing. Yet though all confess the influence, power and necessity of action, there are but few speakers who venture to use it. The gestures and motions of a speaker ought all to carry that kind of expression which *Nature* has dictated to him ; and unless this be the case, it is impossible to avoid their appearing stiff and forced. Yet although nature must be the ground-work, study and art must polish and correct them. For many persons are naturally ungraceful in the motions which they make, and this ungracefulness must be reformed by application and care.

The study of action, in speaking, consists chiefly in guarding against awkward and disagreeable motions, and in learning to perform such as are natural to the speaker, in the most becoming manner, or, such as are most graceful and impressive. To effect this, some writers have advised to practise before a mirror ; but persons are not always the best judges of the gracefulness of their own motions ; and one may declaim for years before a mirror without correcting any of his faults. This, instead of being useful, will tend to confirm error. But the dictates of a judicious instructor, will always be found of infinitely greater advantage than any mirror.

Action may justly be stiled *personified emphasis* ; for where the structure of the language, and the sentiment, do not require the latter, the former can neither be necessary nor proper.

A correct speaker does not make a movement of limb or feature, for which he has not a reason. If he addresses heaven, he looks upward ; and if he speaks of his fellow creatures, he looks around upon them. The spirit of what he says appears in his looks. If he expresses amazement, or would excite it, he lifts up his hands and eyes ; if he invites to virtue and happiness, he spreads his arms, and looks benevolence ; if he threatens, he bends his eyebrows into wrath, and menaces with his arm and countenance. He does not needlessly saw the air with his arm nor stab himself with his finger : he does not clap his hand upon his

breast, unless he has occasion to speak of himself, or to introduce conscience, or something sentimental; he does not start back, or protrude his hands and arms at a small distance from each other, unless he means to express horror or aversion. He does not come forward, but when he has occasion to solicit.

But to apply properly, and in a significant and just manner, the almost endlessly various external expressions of the different passions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has so wonderfully fitted the human frame, is the great difficulty.

As polite conversation is the best source from which to derive the tones of good speaking, so the behavior and manner of the most polished part of mankind seem to be the best school for learning proper gesture.

The degree of animation which every speaker must be supposed to possess, when he addresses a large assembly of people, should naturally dictate some gestures of the body. It is sometimes difficult to say, what are perfectly proper, but it is not very difficult to point out what are manifestly improper. The two erroneous extremes are, to stand like a statue, without moving any part of the body but the lips, or to display a great number of rapid and fantastic motions without either dignity or meaning. Standing motionless is commonly the result of modesty, or of the fear of performing some gesture which may be esteemed awkward or ridiculous. But such speakers should recollect, that nothing contributes more to repress the attention of the hearers than a manner so lifeless and unengaging; and that to suppose a speaker properly impressed by his subject, and in earnest in endeavoring to impress it upon others, without moving a finger or a hand, is more unnatural perhaps, than the most violent and fantastic motions he could possibly employ. On the other hand, to behold a speaker constantly in motion, and performing a regular course of evolutions, first turning to one side and stretching out the hand, then turning to the other and performing a similar operation, or perhaps looking straight forward

and sawing the air, first with one hand and then with the other ; or, perhaps with both at the same time ;—repeating that course of motions without end, and without the least regard to the sentiments he utters, must be allowed to be not a little grotesque, nor less reprehensible in gesture, than a monotonous whining manner of speaking is in utterance. It may further be affirmed, that all gestures which are awkward, which are studied and affected, and which have any appearance of stiffness, constraint, or affectation, are highly improper, and most studiously to be avoided. The principal ingredients of good gesture, seem to be decency of deportment, manliness and dignity, which imply all those motions that are dictated by taste and good sense. They never give offence ; they are regulated by the principles of propriety and they are suitable to the subject, to the place, to the speaker, to the audience, and to the occasion.

The following general rules of action may be useful to every class of speakers.

All action with the hands should be expressed in curve lines, such being the true lines of beauty ;—not in jerks and sudden vibrations of the arm. A continued motion of the arms is by all means to be avoided ; their action should generally be very moderate, forming a bow from the shoulder to the wrist, always studiously guarding against an angle at the elbow.

The posture of a speaker's body ought to be erect ; expressing as much dignity, as possible, without any stiffness of attitude or haughtiness of air. His position should be firm, so as to have the fullest and freest command of all his motions, his feet at a little distance, the left a little advanced and his knees in a straight, but not in a stiff posture ; his shoulders ought to have an easy graceful fall ; never elevated or shrugged up, as that not only contracts the neck, but prevents the proper motion of the head ; nor on

the other hand should they be much drawn down or depressed, because this occasions a stiffness in the neck and the whole body. The trunk ought to be kept easy and flexible, always suiting itself to the motions of the head and hands. The feet should continue steady, and not give the body a wavering and giddy motion, by frequently shifting; though some persons fall into that habit without moving their feet, yet giving to the body a rocking or rolling motion.

The countenance should correspond with the nature of the discourse; and when no particular emotion is expressed, a serious and manly look is always to be observed. The eye should never be fixed entirely upon any one object, but move easily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands consists the principal part of gesture in speaking. It is natural that the right hand should be employed more frequently than the left. Warm emotions, expressions which convey the idea of magnitude or extension, and all addresses to heaven, require the exercise of them both together. But whether a speaker gesticulate with one, or with both his hands, it is an inviolable rule, that all his motions should be easy and unconstrained. Narrow and confined movements are always ungraceful; and consequently motions made with the hands, should proceed from the shoulder, not from the elbow, all jerks or twisting of the hands must be carefully avoided; the fingers should not be kept perfectly straight, but with a little bend inwards, the fore-finger somewhat straighter than the rest, but never perfectly so, except when expressing scorn or contempt; when the other three fingers are shut: hence the expression "to point the finger of scorn," and the caution given to children not to point, as being unmanly. The left hand should seldom be used alone, unless it be to attend the motion of the head and eyes, in an address to the audience on the left side. The head should turn sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other, that the voice may be heard by the whole audience, and a regard paid to the several parts of it. It should always be on the same side with the action of

the hands and body, except when we express an abhorrence, or a refusal of any thing ; which is done by raising one hand and moving it slowly from the head with an open palm, till the arm is at its full extent in a horizontal line ; at the same time turning away the head and face in an opposite direction.

When an address is to be delivered on a stage, the utmost attention is necessary to preserve gracefulness of attitude ; the whole person being there exposed to the view of the audience. To walk on the stage well, is a very important and difficult province of oratory — The speaker should be careful not to remain long in one position. The right and left leg should alternately support the body, the other being somewhat advanced at some distance from the stationary leg, and resting upon the toe. This gives a considerable degree of earnestness to the speaker's manner. The stationary leg should always be on the same side with the arm which expresses the action. When both arms are extended either foot may be thus advanced, which will give variety of attitude ; or, the body may rest equally upon both. In the reading or recitation of dialogue, the voice and manner must change alternately, and correspond throughout with the character of the person who is supposed to be speaking.

The proper attitude for a *reader* is to stand in an easy and erect posture with the book in the left hand, the left leg somewhat advanced, and the right arm gracefully suspended by his side ;—ready to enforce by some degree of action, any passage he may meet which may require it.

It is principally by the practice of speaking, that graceful action is acquired, the force of which is very great and most efficacious in the power of persuasion : for action is a kind of eloquence of the body, by which the mind abounding in the finest sentiments flows out upon the body, and impresses upon it a noble image of itself.

On the Reading or Recitation of different species of Prose and Poetry.

OF PROSE.

In the reading or recitation of every species of composition, expression constitutes its life and energy ;—and that cannot be given, without a perfect comprehension of the author's meaning, and at the same time such a degree of sensibility as to feel or awaken those passions which his sentiments are calculated to excite.

In Narration the field is very ample and diversified— from the calm recital of historical events, to the animated declaration of personal incident: in all of which, the reader or speaker, to express himself justly, must express himself naturally. The spirit and energy of expression must be accommodated to the style of the author, and the importance of the incidents recorded.

With respect to the reading and recitation of dialogue, the field of action is as unbounded as the diversity of the human character, and the versatility of the human mind. It involves every possible gradation of intellect, from the uncouth and unlettered peasant, to the urbane, and polished courtier and the refined and dignified gentleman. A correct reader of dialogue will regulate his emphasis and the tones of his voice by the nature of the subject and the character of the persons who are speaking ; hence he will have a different modulation of voice for every speaker. To read a dialogue well, he must feel himself to be, and assume the peculiar expression of every speaker, who is introduced, whether of the serious or comic cast : otherwise, he will never attract attention, or excite emotion in the hearer. The dialogues in genteel comedy, as they exhibit polite conversation, or familiar and domestic scenes, require that calmness and native ease both of manner and of voice, which is suited to the peculiarity of existing character.

Soliloquy is a species of composition which requires peculiar attention and expression in the reading

or recitation of it. 'Tis the language of a man talking to himself; or rather answering some question, or revolving and reasoning upon some proposition which has been presented to the mind. It must therefore be pronounced in a lower tone than colloquial language generally requires; with an appearance of profound reflection, and of insensibility to surrounding objects.

The tone and manner in which addresses are to be delivered, must be accommodated to the nature of the subject, the time, place, and circumstances.

With respect to works of sentiment and imagination, the subject matter, the language, and the species of composition, must altogether direct the degree of expression to be imparted both in tone and gesture.

A periodical Essay in the Spectator, Rambler or Guardian, would certainly not be communicated by a judicious reader with the same expression and force as one of the pathetic effusions of Sterne, or the glowing and florid delineations of an Eastern tale.

OF POETRY.

Such is the sublimity and dignity of the epic Poem, that the manner of reading or reciting it should be accommodated thereto, varying the tones and expression with the changes of scenery and character, though always preserving a gravity and dignity of manner.

In the rehearsal of dramatic poetry the reader must diversify not only his mode of reading or reciting in conformity to the subject, but also in conformity to the character. Thus the same narrative and description, if spoken by different personages, must be differently recited. So far as language and sentiment are concerned; the reader may, and it is requisite that he should, observe the distinction of situation and character. The same sentiments ought not only to be delivered differently by different personages; but to be delivered variously in various circumstances and situations.

The reading, or recitation of the various lyrical compositions, must be regulated by, and accommodated to the subject they embrace, always endeavoring to imbibe and express the spirit of the author, and

strictly to observe that cadence and those tones and inflexions of voice which the particular construction of the verse requires.

Elegiac poetry should always be read or recited with gravity, solemnity, and even sometimes with that low and tremulous tone of voice which excessive grief occasions.

Pastoral poetry should be pronounced with a simplicity of manner, a softness of tone, and a serenity of countenance accommodated to the innocence and purity of pastoral life.

Didactic poems, should preserve a dignity in pronunciation suitable to the importance and usefulness of the subject, and should, at the same time, be expressed in so lively a manner, that the things described or inculcated may seem present to the reader's view.

In the reading of epistolary poems, an easy familiarity of manner, and an unaffected variety of tone, according to the change of subject, is to be observed.

The mode of reading or reciting descriptive poetry, should be calm, animated, or depressed; in conformity to the subject, and always aided with a little action, which, agreeably to the attitude already prescribed, to a reader, will be chiefly with the right hand.

The measures in which poetical fables are written are various. Such also is the manner in which they and other allegorical writing should be read or recited, always observing a due accommodation of manner to the matter of which they are composed.

The manner of communicating satirical composition must partake of its nature, and be sedate or lively as the subject requires, but always animated and sarcastic.

Epigram should be communicated in a lively, animated manner; and when containing any thing satirical, with an acute tone;—and sarcastic look.

Epitaph whether serious or satirical, should always be read with a gravity, dignity, slowness and distinctness of articulation suited to its nature and application.

COLUMBIAN READER.

SELECTIONS IN PROSE.

MORAL, RELIGIOUS, AND MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

SENTENTIOUS MAXIMS.

A FIRM belief in a future state is a great consolation to a good man. It is the balsam, that cures all the miseries in this life.

Forget nothing but the injuries done to you.

The sight of a distressed beggar has its use. It awakens our humanity, and makes us contented with our condition.

Think of the distresses of human life ; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

When blest with health and prosperity, cultivate a compassionate disposition.

A secret is no where so safe as in your own bosom.

Were the book of Fate laid open to view, no man would enjoy a moment's peace from the day he looked into it.

There is as much to be gained by thinking as by reading.

Never take a thing for granted when it is in your power to reduce it to absolute certainty.

That system of logic, which consists not in abstruse terms, or argumentative certainty, but in the manly exercise of the rational powers, justly claims an important place in every system of education.

Early rising will add many years to your life.

A regular division of time prevents one hour from encroaching upon another.

If an idle man knew the value of time, he would not be so desirous of killing it.

In the morning, think on what you are to do in the day, and at night think on what you have done.

Use yourself to thinking and you will find that you have more in your head than you thought of.

Be not a collector of books without determining to read them.

When religion is made a science there is nothing more intricate, when made a duty there is nothing more easy.

It is a great accomplishment to be able to tell a story well.

In a mixed company let your conversation be very guarded, for without intending it, you may say something, which a person present may consider as personal, and for which you may be obliged to make an apology.

Unless you are perfectly well informed, do not venture to give your opinion upon a work of art. It may injure the artist and probably may occasion your judgment to be brought into question.

Unless your pretensions be very good, avoid being the principal speaker in a large company.

Keep company with learned men, and you will have less occasion for much reading.

A man who is officious to serve you at first sight, should be regarded with caution.

Never borrow money to pay the expenses of a country excursion. If you have not the cash, stay at home.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and Poverty soon overtakes her.

We call that a *contrary wind* which is not favorable to ourselves; forgetting that it is blowing a favorable gale for somebody else.

If a great man looks *down* upon you, don't look *up* to him.

Whatever your miseries may be, there are others more miserable than yourself.

Envy is a sore eye that cannot bare a bright object.

Take away your expensive follies, and you will have little reason to complain of hard times.

Treat every man with civility, but very few with familiarity.

A fine woman ought to add annually to her accomplishments, as much as her beauty loses in the time.

Never write a letter in a passion.

He who accustoms himself to buy superfluities, may ere long be obliged to sell his necessaries.

Before you make a promise, consider well its importance, and when made, engrave it upon the tablet of your heart.

We are never contented but when our wishes are gratified, and yet what a strange world would it be if all our wishes were to be gratified.

A good countenance is a letter of recommendation, though an irregular set of features should not raise our prejudice.

It is with men as with barrels, the emptiest make the most noise.

It is a great misfortune to be tired of home.

He who loves to employ himself well, can never want something to do.

When you make a visit of ceremony take care not to make it too long.

When you are about to do a dishonorable act, consider what the world will think of you when it is completed.

Eat and drink with moderation, keep the body open, rise early, take moderate exercise, and you will have little occasion for the physician.

The best throw with dice, is to throw them away.

He who has good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing.

Nothing is so hard to bare well, as prosperity.

He who would have good offices done to him, must do them to others.

A good man is always at home wherever he chances to be.

He is learned enough, who knows how to live well.

When you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, than that you should hear him.

A man should never be too much addicted to any one thing.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproach of his own heart ; his next to escape the censure of the world.

Express your sentiments with brevity.

It is a certain sign of an ill heart, to be inclined to defamation.

Every person should obtain, if possible a disposition to be pleased.

Without corresponding acts of goodness, faith is of no avail.

There is a laudable virtue in wishing to leave behind us, some memorial of our having lived.

INDUSTRY.

THERE is no one habit, or quality, which exerts such a powerful influence on all the affairs of life, as the strenuous exercise of those active powers which God has implanted in the nature of man. On what but the exertion of these powers, can we depend for the cultivation of the soil, the invention of manufacture, and, in short, for the production of every thing which constitutes the good and the ornament of human life.

It may seem strange, but it is not more strange than true, that if men wish for any thing like pleasurable ease, the only way to obtain it is by patient and persevering industry. For what tends so much to disturb our quiet, to harass our minds, and corrode our hearts, as those vexations and inconveniencies, which the want of exertion is sure to bring upon us. By neglecting the exercise of our active powers, we do not exonerate ourselves from difficulties, or put ourselves out of the reach of sorrow. We have all some interests to take care of, some business to manage, some

duties to perform. Now, to neglect these interests, this business, and these duties, is only to run up an account with time, which will accumulate to a sum, that we shall find it painful, if not impossible, to discharge.

Nothing gives occasion to so much labor, as idleness, and to labor the most affecting, because accompanied with poignant regret, for our past neglect. In all the affairs of life, industry, continual and persevering, saves that labor, which idleness only, accumulates. In our common household concerns, does not the neglect or intermission of vigilance and exertion make our subsequent labor to retrieve the past, greater than it would otherwise have been? Does it not force us to do much in a little time? or, if our idleness be not merely an occasional, but a lasting intermission of exertion, does it not inevitably produce an irretrievable disorder, and ruin in our affairs? Enter the houses of the slothful, and you will behold almost every thing out of place; dirt accumulating for want of cleanliness; the family ragged; and every appearance of squalled poverty in the dwelling. By much slothfulness the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands, the house droppeth through. In the habitations of the industrious, no repairs are any sooner wanted than they are performed; thus the building is kept compact and weather-proof; but, in the dwellings of the slothful, one little rent in the walls, one broken pane in the casement, or one opening in the roof is left neglected after another, till the whole building is pervious to the wind, or leaks like a sieve. The remark may be applied to many similar cases, in which sloth is suffered, by a gradual accumulation of evil, to produce the most serious mischief, to the temporal, as well as to the moral interests of men, which a little exertion, in the first instance, would easily have prevented. It is idleness, or the unwillingness to exercise our active faculties, which causes our bad habits to become powerful, and our good habits to fall into decay.

Besides, if we regard only present pleasure, industry has greatly the advantage over sloth. Industry,

by employing the attention, calls it off from the various uneasinesses and anxieties, which will otherwise intrude into our hearts, and depress our spirits, while it prevents that languor, that dreary void in our breasts, which is the consequence of inaction. Sloth, is in itself painful ; it causeth the mind and the heart, which are not actively employed, to prey upon themselves, and to become their own tormentors and executioners. There is no pleasure in doing nothing, or having nothing to do. For that vacancy of thought, that deadness of the attention, which are the concomitants of idleness, are more depressing than the most continual toil.

What are the fruits of sloth ? By sloth do we acquire any gain, or pleasure ? do we enlarge our fortune, or reputation ? do we increase the number of our friends, or diminish the number of our foes ? no : it tends to impoverish our circumstances, to multiply our pains, to increase the aversion of our enemies, and to chill the good will of our friends ; and, in short, in those various embarrassments and sorrows, into which it is sure in the end to plunge us, to leave us without resource in our want, or consolation in our woe.

But, by constant and unremitting industry, by attention to our business, to our family, to our friends, to our various domestic or social ties, we increase our reputation, our property, our self-approbation : we provide resources against the hour of difficulty, agreeable recollections against the season of sorrow, friends to cheer us in the depression of uneasiness, and to help in time of adversity. Thus industry tends greatly to make us lead a happy life, and to protect ourselves against its various contingencies and diseases, as well as human sagacity, and virtue can protect us.

Industry is the only possible road to the acquisition of good habits ; and there is no good habit necessary to salvation which industry may not acquire. When we first commence the formation of a good habit, which contrary to our present forward inclinations or secular interests, the work may seem difficult : but patient industry, the persevering exertion of our active

powers, will soon render what is difficult easy, and what is unpleasant agreeable. Every successive exertion, when we are doing any thing contrary to the bent of our natural inclination, makes the next endeavor more easy ; takes off from the aversion ; and adds so much to the willingness to perform it. Thus, our nature is, by degrees, accommodated to habits, once the most adverse to the principles of our minds, or the wishes of our hearts. Thus hardy habits of virtue are acquired. To court ease, is to involve ourselves in difficulty ; but to combat difficulty, is to obtain ease. For every difficulty when overcome, proves a source of pleasure ; while, on the other hand, a loose and idle longing after pleasure, often proves a source of trouble. There are no difficulties whatever in the way of our progress in goodness, and consequently, in our road to heaven, which industrious exertion may not overcome ; and as when they are overcome, they always more than repay the primary pain, which is transient, by the subsequent pleasure, which is lasting, we have every reason not to be discouraged ; but instead of letting sloth govern us, are incited strenuously, and in good earnest, to set about the performance of those things, which make for our present and eternal good.

Industry contributes to success in every enterprize : the industrious who are determined to exert themselves, feel confident of succeeding by exertion. It will be found true, in most cases, that men effect, what they think they can effect ; because, what they think they can effect they have usually the courage to undertake and the patience to persist in executing. It has often been said, that he who has begun any work, has advanced half way towards its completion. Now the sluggard has not the courage to shake off his indolence, and begin ; he is damped by the sight of difficulties, which his imagination magnifies ; and all his powers of action are cramped by the love of ease. But the industrious who has tried the strength of his active powers in many a hardy trial, is not to be disheartened by the many difficulties and vexations, which may set

themselves in array against him, at the threshold of any undertaking ; for he is conscious that habitual activity, assisted by the favor of God, will every day diminish those difficulties and vexations in number and quantity.

The industrious is not dismayed by the obstructions at the beginning, so much as he is animated by the reward, at the end. He knows that God has made the most precious gifts, and particularly virtuous habits, the most difficult to attain ; but then he has in order to stimulate our endeavors, annexed the greatest reward, to their attainment.——It is the hope of reward which sweetens toil : we forget the present by anticipating the future. When the husbandman is ploughing, tilling, sowing, or manuring the land, amid the dreary rains of autumn or the hoary frosts of winter, he is doing what may at the moment be disagreeable to his feelings, or adverse to his inclination ; but is he not cheered by the prospect of future good, by the means of subsistence which he is providing, and by the sight of the waving harvest, which will crown his toils ? For the rains of autumn and the frosts of winter, all contribute, under the superintending care of Him, who rules the seasons, to the fertility of the earth and the benefit of man.

PUNCTUALITY AND NEATNESS.

Punctuality promotes dispatch in the performance of business, and prevents an unjust trespass upon the time the avocations, and the patience of the individual with whom the appointment is made ; and also rescues from inactivity those hours, which would otherwise be wasted in the tedium of expectation, the insipidity of idleness, or the censures, perhaps the execrations of the other party. Every breach of punctuality, besides being an infringement of moral obligation, is moreover, a gross violation of the laws of good breeding and politeness. Be, therefore, upon all occasions scrupulously and rigidly attentive to the fulfil-

ment of all your engagements and endeavor always to be a little before, rather than one minute after, the time specified.

The regular and punctual return of the seasons, and of day and night, forcibly teach us punctuality and order.

Another essential duty in the formation of a correct and dignified character, is, the uniform observance of politeness and affability of deportment.

The natural and ardent desire which exists in every breast to be believed, respected, and esteemed, renders the indication, in our external deportment, of those sentiments always acceptable and soothing to those with whom we converse; whereas indifference, rudeness, or asperity of conduct is universally repulsive and disgusting. The man of bland and courteous manners, whose countenance beams with benevolence, whose smiles are the heralds of his philanthropy, and whose affability of address implies respect and esteem for his associates, will ever conciliate their approbation and their affection. Be uniformly solicitous, therefore, *thus* to procure the love and approbation of all; prefer the mildness and gentleness of the lamb, to the roughness of the bear, or the ferocity of the hyena. The observation of Solomon, the wisest of men, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," was no less indicative of his knowledge of human nature, than it was of the amiableness of his disposition, and the urbanity and suavity of his manners. And St. Paul, who unquestionably was a polished gentleman as well as a zealous and pious christian, among many precepts upon this subject, particularly enjoins the Romans to "be kindly affectionate, one towards another, with brotherly love, in honor (or respect) preferring one another."

And, in order to render yourselves agreeable to others, next to urbanity of deportment, *attention to personal cleanliness, and neatness of dress* are indispensibly necessary. It is a prepossession founded in nature to be pleased or disgusted with a stranger from his appearance; suavity of manners and cleanliness of per-

son and attire being indicative of a desire to please and to render yourself agreeable to others ; while roughness of deportment and a careless or squallid exterior are not only disagreeable to the senses, but imply an indifference about, or rather a contempt for the opinions of others and therefore will always be offensive.

Besides, cleanliness of person is essentially necessary to the preservation of health. Physicians are unanimous upon this head, and numerous and elaborate have been the treatises which have been written to recommend it. "The want of cleanliness," says the celebrated Dr. Buchan, "is a fault which admits of no excuse. The changing of apparel greatly promotes the secretion from the skin, so necessary for health. When that matter which ought to be carried off by perspiration, is either retained in the body, or re-absorbed from dirty clothes, it must occasion disease. Cleanliness is certainly agreeable to our nature. It is an ornament to the highest as well as the lowest station, and cannot be dispensed with in either. Few virtues are of more importance to society than general cleanliness. It ought to be carefully cultivated every where ; but in populous cities it should be almost revered."

MODESTY CONTRASTED WITH FEAR.

Modesty is the inseparable companion of an enlightened mind ; but there is a little, low, debasing fear, which assumes the appearance of modesty, and which is therefore one of the most dangerous enemies a man of genius has to combat. Behold the marks that distinguish each of these from the other. Modesty is a sentiment, fear is a quality of the mind. Modesty has its birth from a comparison of our own talents and actions with those of other men ; fear is that imbecility that dares not enter into the comparison. Modesty is supported by hope, and looks, though with a trembling eye, towards the excellence at which she points ;

fear never lifts her eye from the ground. Modesty acquires fortitude as the mind in which it resides approaches the regions of truth ; fear depresses the mind, and continually obstructs its progress in such approaches. Modesty is generous ; she is ever ready to pay her tribute to the works of genius ; fear is selfish, and envious of the success of merit. In short, the one is the offspring of strength ; the other the wretched child of weakness. The one leads on, though by slow degrees, to great designs and noble actions ; the other drags its miserable victim from every enlivening prospect, enervates all his faculties, and at length chains him down to obscurity forever.

URBANITY.

They who have written upon the decorations of life have agreed to mark urbanity as the chief amongst them ; and one writer in particular, of high repute in our language, who appears perfectly to have understood the rules of politeness, though he did not upon all occasions practise them, represents good breeding, or good manners, as a system calculated to diffuse pleasure and self-complacency amongst the various classes of society. This plainly indicates his opinion, that it must flow from the heart : no qualities of the head, however great or valuable, being adequate of themselves to that beneficial purpose. Urbanity appears to be composed of the best qualities of both, aided by a facile assiduity of address ; and they who most excel in it are, undoubtedly, the best calculated to diffuse pleasure and felicity around them.

But this is not all. In feelings of this nature there is ever a tendency to reciprocity : and although the favors that are granted, in what is called the more solid commerce of men, are sometimes neglected to be returned, because that return may affect, in an unpleasant manner our interest ; ingratitude in the transactions of politeness is not often found. What we give to the world in that way is generally returned tenfold.

A man of genuine politeness has seldom many enemies ; not only because he is a character calculated to obtain favor, but also because men please themselves while they manifest their kindness towards him. Thus may the good will of the world be obtained and doubly secured by the propensities of others, and by our own.

INTEGRITY.

There are many who will admit, that integrity is an amiable quality ; that it is entitled to much respect, and in most cases, ought to influence our behavior ; who nevertheless are unwilling to allow it the chief place in the direction of their worldly conduct. They hold, that a certain artful sagacity, founded upon a knowledge of the world, is the best conductor of every one, who would be a successful adventurer in life ; and that strict attention to integrity, as his only guide, would often lead him into danger and distress. In opposition to tenets of this kind, it may be shown, that amidst all perplexities and dangers, there is no guide we can choose so safe, and so successful on the whole, as the integrity of an upright mind ; and that upon every trying occasion, principles of probity and honor will conduct a man through life with more advantage, than if he were to act upon the most refined system of worldly wisdom.

It will not take much time to delineate the character of the man of integrity, as by its nature it is a plain one, and easily understood. He is one who makes it his constant rule to follow the road of duty, according as the word of God, and the voice of his conscience, point it out to him. He is not guided merely by affections, which may sometimes give the color of virtue to a loose and unstable character. The upright man is guided by a fixed principle of mind, which determines him to esteem nothing but what is honorable ; and to abhor whatever is base and unworthy, in moral conduct. Hence you find him ever the same ; at all times, the trusty friend, the affectionate relation, the

Conscientious man of business, the pious worshipper, the public spirited citizen. He assumes no borrowed appearance. He seeks no mask to cover him ; for he acts no studied part ; but he is in truth what he appears to be, full of truth, candor, and humanity. In all his pursuits, he knows no path but the fair and direct one ; and would much rather fail of success, than attain it by reproachful means. He never shows you a smiling countenance, while he meditates evil against you in his heart. He never praises you among your friends ; and then joins in traducing you among your enemies. You will never find one part of his character at variance with another. In his manners, he is simple and unaffected ; in all his proceedings open and consistent. Wherever virtue directs him, he steadily holds his course. Let the issue of that course be ever so uncertain ; let his friends differ from him in opinion ; let his enemies clamor ; he is not moved ; his purpose is fixed. He asks but one question of his heart, what is the most worthy and honorable part ; what the part most becoming the situation which he sustains, the character which he wishes to bear, the expectations which good men entertain of him ? Being once decided as to this, he hesitates no more. He shuts his ears against every solicitation ; and pursues with firm steps the line of integrity, fearless of consequences ; regardless of opposite opinions.

Upon all occasions cherish a spirit of integrity, and resolve that nothing unworthy of your character shall appear. What, alas ! will any temporary advantage avail in the estimation of the man who has been tempted, by the hope of it, to do that upon which he can reflect with no honest pride ? Like the bubbling of a disturbed rivulet it may excite a momentary attention, while the noble, silent swell of the river passes unnoticed ; but like the rivulet its shallowness will presently be discovered : we shall turn from it with contempt, content only with the perennial stream of integrity, that is rolling on with a majestic and unruffled course towards the ocean of immortality.

CHARITY.

True charity is an active principle. It is not properly a single virtue ; but a disposition residing in the heart, as a fountain whence all the virtues of benignity, candor, forbearance, generosity, compassion, and liberality, flow as so many native streams. From general benevolence to all, it extends its influence particularly to those with whom we stand in nearest connection, and who are directly within the sphere of our good offices. From the country or community to which we belong, it descends to the smaller associations of neighborhood, relations, and friends ; and spreads itself over the whole circle of social and domestic life. Not that it imports a promiscuous undistinguishing affection, which gives every man an equal title to our love. Charity, if we should endeavor to carry it so far, would be rendered an impracticable virtue, and would resolve itself into mere words, without affecting the heart. True charity attempts not to shut our eyes to the distinction between good and bad men ; nor to warm our hearts equally to those who befriend and those who injure us. It reserves our esteem for good men, and our complacency for our friends. Towards our enemies it inspires forgiveness and humanity. It breathes universal candor and liberality of sentiment. It forms gentleness of temper, and dictates affability of manners. It prompts corresponding sympathies with them who rejoice and them who weep. It teaches us to slight and despise no man. Charity is the comforter of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of differences, the intercessor for offenders. It is faithfulness in the friend, public spirit in the magistrate, equity and patience in the judge, moderation in the supreme executive, and obedience in the citizen. In parents it is care and attention ; in children it is reverence and submission. In a word, it is the soul of social life, it is the sun that enlivens and cheers the abodes of men.

RELIGION AND MORALITY.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness ; these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice ? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

It is of the highest importance to religious conduct, that our minds be filled with suitable conceptions of the attributes of God. They are the foundations of our reverence for him, and reverence is the foundation of religion. All the divine perfections are interesting to man. Almighty power, in conjunction with eternity and omnipresence, naturally inspires solemn awe. Infinite goodness relieves the mind from that oppression which power alone would produce ; and from our experience of present benefits, and our remembrance of the past, creates love, gratitude, and trust. In the middle between these, stands the contemplation of divine wisdom which conjoins impressions of awe with those of comfort ; and while it humbles us into profound submission, encourages, at the same time, our reliance on the only wise God.

In proportion as human knowledge hath enlarged its sphere of research and discovery, in the same propor-

tion hath the wisdom of the Creator struck the minds of all inquirers and observers with the highest admiration. All nature is in truth a scene of wonders. In the disposition of the heavenly bodies, and the general arrangement of the system of the universe ; in the structure of the earth ; in the endless variety of living creatures that fill it ; and in the provision made for them all, to enable them to fulfil the ends of their being, it is not easy to determine, whether power, wisdom, or goodness be most conspicuous. It belongs not only to the heavens to declare the glory of God, and to the firmament to show forth his handy work ; but in the smallest and most inconsiderable, as well as in the most illustrious works of God, equal marks appear of profound design and consummate art. It has been justly said, that there is not a vegetable that grows, nor an insect that moves, but what is sufficient to confound the atheist, and to afford the candid observer endless materials of devout adoration and praise.

EXAMPLE OF OUR SAVIOR.

Our Lord possessed all the virtues of the greatest and best men, without partaking any of their defects. In him all was light without a shade, and beauty without a stain. At the same time, his example is attended with this singular advantage, of being more accommodated than any other to general imitation. It was distinguished by no unnatural austerities, no affected singularities ; but exhibits the plain and simple tenor of all those virtues for which we have most frequent occasion in ordinary life. In order to render it of more universal benefit, our Savior fixed his residence in no particular place ; he confined himself to no particular employment or mode of life ; but gives us the opportunity of viewing his behavior, in that variety of lights which equally and indifferently regard all mankind. His life was divided between the retired and the active state. Devotion and business equally

shared it. In the discharge of that high office with which he was vested, we behold the perfect model of a public character ; and we behold the most beautiful example of private life, when we contemplate him among his disciples, as a father in the midst of his family. By such means, he has exhibited before us specimens of every kind of virtue ; and to all conditions of men has afforded a pattern after which they may copy. Let all, therefore, strive to imitate the perfect example of Christ, in his steady and conscientious discharge of duty, amidst opposition from evil men, and a corrupted world ; in his patient submission to his Father's will, and the calmness of his spirit under all trials ; in his acts of disinterested benevolence ; in his compassion to the unhappy, in readiness to oblige, to assist, and to relieve ; in the mildness and gentleness of his manners ; in the affability and condescension which appeared in his behavior ; and in the uncorrupted simplicity and purity which distinguished his whole life.

IMPORTANCE OF A SERIOUS EXAMINATION OF CHRISTIANITY.

The knowledge of what is due to the solemnity of those interests, concerning which revelation professes to inform and direct us, may teach even those who are least inclined to respect the prejudices of mankind, to observe a decorum in the style and conduct of religious disquisitions, with the neglect of which, many adversaries of Christianity are justly chargeable. Serious arguments are fair on all sides. Christianity is but ill defended by refusing audience or toleration to the objections of unbelievers. But whilst we would have freedom of inquiry restrained by no laws, but those of decency, we are entitled to demand on behalf of a religion, which holds forth to mankind assurances of immortality, that its credit be assailed by no other weapons than those of sober discussion and legitimate reasoning : that the truth or falsehood of Christianity

be never made a topic of raillery, a theme for the exercise of wit or eloquence, or a subject of contention for literary fame and victory ; that the cause be tried upon its merits ; that all applications to the fancy, passions, or prejudices of the reader, all attempts to pre-occupy, ensnare, or perplex his judgment, by any art, influence, or impression whatsoever, extrinsic to the proper grounds and evidence upon which his assent ought to proceed, be rejected from a question which involves in its determination, the hopes, the virtue, and the repose of millions ; that the controversy be managed on both sides with sincerity, that is, that nothing be produced in the writings of either, contrary to, or beyond the writer's own knowledge and persuasion ; that objections and difficulties be proposed from no other motives, than an honest and serious desire to obtain satisfaction, or to communicate information which may promote the discovery and progress of truth ; that in conformity with this design, every thing be stated with integrity, with method, precision, and simplicity ; and above all, that whatever is published in opposition to received and confessedly beneficial persuasions, be set forth under a form, which is likely to invite inquiry, and to meet examination.

RELIGION CONTRASTED WITH UNBELIEF.

The worship of a Supreme Cause and the belief of a future state, have not only, in general, been concomitant, but have so universally engaged the concurrence of mankind, that they who have pretended to teach the contrary, have been regarded in every age and state of society as men opposing the pure emotions of our nature. This Supreme Cause, it is true has, been prefigured to the imagination by symbols suited to the darkness and ignorance of unlettered ages ; but the great and secret original has nevertheless been the same, in the contemplation of the simplest heathen and the most refined christian.

There must have been something exceedingly powerful in an idea that has made so prodigious a progress in the mind of man. The opinions of men have experienced a thousand changes ; kingdoms that have been most powerful have been removed ; the form of the earth itself has undergone various alterations ; but amidst these grand and ruinous concussions, religion has remained unshaken ; and a principle so consensaneous to the first formation of our nature must remain, until by some power of which at present we have no conception, the laws of that nature are universally dissolved.

It is evidently a false notion that religion is a visionary speculation, unworthy the serious regards of men who are engaged in the pursuits of scientific and philosophical learning. Religion performs that which philosophy, considered as distinct from it (and which is here denominated philosophy only in compliance for a moment with the language of fashion,) cannot do ; she carries the mind up directly to the Eternal Source of knowledge, while this boasted philosophy, confined to the present limited sphere of action alone, serves only to bewilder the mind in the mazes of doubt and error, which itself has formed. It is ever employed in raising questions that it has neither power nor inclination to solve. Religion enlightens the mind ; she enables it to fix to every acquisition of learning and of virtue its proper value, and to discern its appropriate nature ; she ennobles it by the simplicity of truth, that disdains those quibbles and that little war of words that have disgraced the ancient, and continue to degrade the modern schools ; but this favorite, which its adherents would palm upon the world for a novelty, is continually employed in inventing sophisms that spring up only to be defeated by the common sense, and to be overthrown by the daily experience of mankind.

Consult the works and the lives of those who have embraced religion and rejected this false and foolish philosophy ; compare them with the works and the lives of the men who have labored to destroy the one and to establish the other. As to the former, behold them mainly

openness of their language and their conduct ; all is manifest and clear, like the light from which they are derived. How different from this dignified nature are the obscure surmises, the dark hints, the querulous doubts of the contrasted character ! What is there that is generous or noble in their arguments ? Do they tend to discover the truth with simplicity ? Do they not rather endeavor to entangle it by the subtlety of disputation, or overpower it by a multitude of words. That which is true is single, and its language goes directly to the understanding and the heart ; that which is untrue, but which nevertheless assumes the appearance of truth, must be double, and its language consequently perplexed ; it has, indeed, a twofold task to perform ; it has to conceal its own secret and genuine character, and to support a borrowed one. It is natural to admire the character and the works of the one, and easy to detect the assumption and designs of the other.

CHRISTIANITY AN INTERNAL PRINCIPLE.

Christianity, though the most perfect rule of life that ever was devised, is far from being barely a rule of life. A religion consisting of a mere code of laws might have sufficed for man in a state of innocence. But man who has broken these laws cannot be saved by a rule which he has violated. What consolation could he find in the perusal of statutes, every one of which, bringing a fresh conviction of his guilt, brings a fresh assurance of his condemnation. The chief object of the gospel is not to furnish rules for the preservation of innocence, but to hold out the means of salvation to the guilty. It does not proceed upon a supposition, but a fact ; not upon what might have suited man in a state of purity, but upon what is suitable to him in the exigencies of his fallen state.

This religion does not consist in an external conformity to practices which, though right in themselves, may be adopted from human motives, and to

answer secular purposes. It is not a religion of forms, and modes, and decencies. It is being transformed into the image of God. It is being like-minded with Christ. It is considering him as our sanctification, as well as our redemption. It is endeavoring to live to him here, that we may live with him hereafter. It is desiring earnestly to surrender our will to his, our heart to the conduct of his Spirit, our life to the guidance of his word.

The change in the human heart, which the scriptures declare to be necessary, they represent to be not so much an old principle improved as a new one created; not educed out of the former character, but infused into the new one. This change is there expressed in a great variety of language, and under different figures of speech. Its being so frequently described, and figuratively intimated in almost every part of the volume of inspiration, entitles the doctrine itself to belief, and ought to shield from obloquy the obnoxious terms, in which it is sometimes conveyed.

Genuine religion demands not merely an external profession of our allegiance to God, but an inward devotedness of ourselves to his service. It is not a recognition, but a dedication. It puts the Christian into a new state of things, a new condition of being. It raises him above the world while he continues in it. It disperses the illusions of sense, by opening his eyes to realities in the place of those shadows which he has been pursuing. It presents this world as a scene, whose original beauty sin has darkened and disordered, man as a helpless and dependent creature, Jesus Christ as the repairer of all the evils which sin has caused, and as a restorer to holiness and happiness. Any religion short of this, any at least which has not this for its end and object, is not that religion which the gospel has presented to us, which our Redeemer came down on earth to teach us by his precepts, to illustrate by his example, to confirm by his death, and to consummate by his resurrection.

JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

Nature is so impartial in the distribution of her gifts to mankind, that she neither overburdens some individuals with her favors, nor overwhelms others with misfortunes ; but by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reason to be elated, nor any to despair. For example ; to these she gives great riches with an unquiet mind ;—to those a great share of adversity, with much insensibility. If the first with their wealth possessed the indifference of the needy they would certainly be too happy ; whilst the latter, if they united mental uneasiness with their ill fortune, would, doubtless, be highly deserving of pity.

If, then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other, the uneasiness of the former with the misfortunes of the latter, we shall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, insensible of the evils of life, despises the miser, who whilst he amasses wealth, is miserable at the apprehensions of losing it.

Nor is this observation confined solely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their consolations. The handsome woman looks with contempt on the ill shapen female, who in turn, despises the beautiful idiot, formed only to be gazed upon.—The swordsman considers courage and skill in arms as the greatest accomplishments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank entitles him to adulation from the merchant and mechanic ; whilst these on the contrary, maintain industry and trade, to be more important objects than the *etiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus in every station of life, there is a consolation and solace to be found : and, indeed, no rank is contemptible in itself, whilst the person who fills it, acts in character.

THE POINT OF HONOR.

After having paid sincere obsequies, to the manes of Maria, I resumed my chaise, and fell into a train

of thinking on the happiness and misery of mankind ; this reverie, however, was interrupted by the clashing of swords in a thicket adjoining the road. I ordered the postillion to stop, and getting out, repaired to the spot from whence the noise issued. It was with some difficulty I reached the place, as the path which led to it was meandering and intricate.

The first object which presented itself to my view was a handsome young man, who appeared to be expiring, in consequence of a wound he had just received from another, not much older who stood weeping over him, whilst he held the bloody instrument of destruction reeking in his hand. I stood aghast for some moments, on seeing this melancholy spectacle. When I had recovered myself from the surprize into which it had thrown me, I inquired the cause of this bloody conflict ; but received no other answer than a fresh stream of tears.

At length, wiping away the briny flood which watered his cheek, with a sigh he uttered, " my honor sir, compelled me to the deed ; my conscience condemned it :—but all remonstrance was vain ; and through the bosom of my friend I have pierced my own heart, whose wounds will never heal." Here a fresh gush of wo issued from the source of sorrow which seemed inexhaustible.

What is this phantom, Honor ! that plunges a dagger where it should offer balsam ! Traitor, perfidious traitor ! thou that stalkest at large under the habit of a ridiculous custom, or more ridiculous fashion, which, united by caprice have become a law—a code of laws !—Equally unknown to our forefathers, unknown to those we style unpolished and barbarous, you are reserved for this age of luxury, learning and refinement ! for the seat of the muses, the residence of the graces.—Ah ! is it possible ? Are ye not the fair representatives of gratitude, which so often run counter to Honor, and her fallacious blandishments ?

THE CORPORAL.

Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius—for he was your kinsman :—weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness—for he was your brother. Oh ! corporal had I thee but now, now that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee ! thou shouldst wear thy Montero cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week, and when it was worn out I would purchase thee a couple like it. But, alas ! alas ! alas ! now that I can do this—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone ;—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came ; and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open vessels compressed into a clod of the valley.

But what is this to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first, the foremost of created beings : where I shall see thee, faithful servant, laying his sword and scabbard, with a trembling hand, across his coffin, and then returning, pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle to follow his hearse as he directed thee ;—where all my fathers systems shall be baffled by his sorrows ; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him as he inspects the lacquered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them—when I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears, O Toby ! in what corner of the world shall I find thy fellow ?

Gracious powers ! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me then with a stinted hand.

ADVANTAGES OF NOVELTY.

It may not be a useless inquiry, how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in

what respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible that a reasonable creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any acquisitions whatever, without endeavoring farther : for after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent ; as by climbing up a hill in the midst of a wide plain, a man hath his prospect enlarged, and together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account I cannot think *he* detracts from the state of the blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh researches into nature, and to eternity advancing into the fathomless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought there is nothing but what doth honor to these glorified spirits, provided still it be remembered, that their desire of more, proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess ; and the pleasure of a new enjoyment is not with them measured by its novelty, (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental,) but by its real intrinsic value. After an acquaintance of many thousand years with the works of God, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills them with the same pleasing wonder and profound awe, which Adam felt, when he first opened his eyes upon this glorious scene. Truth captivates with unborrowed charms, and whatever hath once given satisfaction will always do it ; in all which they have manifestly the advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly, and changeable appetites, that we can with the greatest coldness behold the stupendous displays of omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essay of human skill ; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature, and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all ; are even tired of health because not enlivened with alternate pain ;—and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author, to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

Our being thus formed serves many useful purposes in the present state. It contributes not a little to

the advancement of learning. It is with knowledge as with wealth; the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions, than in taking a review of our old store.

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colors; but at the same time it is very much strained and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered, as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination or fancy, (which I shall use promiscuously) I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy, that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering and compounding those images, which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination: for by this faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the English language, which are employed in a more loose and uncircum-

scribed sense, than those of the *fancy* and the *imagination*. By the pleasures of the imagination, I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, or those primary pleasures of the imagination, which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes.

The pleasures of the imagination, taken in the full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are, indeed preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confessed that those of the imagination are as great, and as transporting, as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul, as much as a demonstration; and a description in Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Aristotle. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage, above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious, and more easy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye, and the scene enters. The colors paint themselves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind, in the beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the beauty of an object, without inquiring into the particular causes and occasions of it.

A man of a refined imagination is let into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows, than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in every thing he sees, and makes the most rude, uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures: so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms, that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind.

There are indeed, but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that

are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expense of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavor therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take. Of this nature are those of the imagination, which do not require such a bent of thought as is necessary to our more serious employments, nor at the same time suffer the mind to sink into that negligence and remissness, which are apt to accompany our more sensual delights, but, like a gentle exercise to the faculties, awaken them from sloth and idleness, without putting them upon any labor or difficulty.

We might here add that the pleasures of the fancy are more conducive to health, than those of the understanding, which are worked out by dint of thinking and attended by a too violent labor of the brain. Delightful scenes, whether in nature, painting or poetry, have a kindly influence on the body as well as the mind, and not only serve to clear and brighten the imagination, but are able to disperse grief and melancholy, and to set the animal spirits in pleasing and agreeable motions. For this reason Sir *Francis Bacon*, in his Essay upon Health, has not thought it improper to prescribe to his reader a poem or a prospect, where he particularly dissuades him from knotty and subtle disquisitions, and advises him to pursue studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

CULTIVATION OF MEMORY.

Memory is the simple natural faculty of recollecting what has been said or done in time past; and it is, like all our other natural faculties, susceptible of improvement by various means of industry and art. But the additional powers of memory, that are thus acquired, do no more form an additional or different memo-

ty, than an acquisition of strength, health, or beauty to the human frame, forms an additional or a new principle of life.

Be this as it may, no man will deny that to him who has to reason, to define, and to persuade, the power of recollection is necessary ; since by the exercise of this power he is enabled to call to his aid facts and opinions that may corroborate and illustrate his arguments, which might fail in their effect for want of such timely and powerful auxiliaries.

The frequent exercise of this faculty will be found of essential service in promoting its strength and enlargement. Not only the inclination to recollect, but the very powers themselves of recollection are impaired, and at length lost by disuse ; whilst on the contrary, a desire to exercise this power, and an increasing pleasure in the exercise itself, will be the natural consequence of daily application. In this it does but resemble the other faculties of the mind, which are roused to more brilliant exertion by unremitting activity, but are depressed and weakened, beyond conception, by a long course of inaction.

Whatever is to be committed to memory must first be thoroughly digested and understood, that it may be clearly and comprehensively retained. Who can recite, with any degree of accuracy or gracefulness, that which appears obscure or incongruous to his judgment ? What assistance can be effectually derived to any argument or position by the statement of any extraneous fact or opinion, the causes or connections whereof remain undetermined or unknown ? It is in vain, under such circumstances of doubt and confusion, that the memory exerts itself ; its powers are enervated or destroyed.

The maturing of the memory will not be the work of a moment ; he who is anxious to cultivate this valuable faculty must be content to do it by degrees ; it will by no means be prudent to set it a heavy task in the first instance. Proceed from light, short, and amusing recitations to those of a dryer and more intricate nature ; for although it is certainly true, that the memo-

ry will be aided by frequent exercise, yet this, like all other cases that relate to the improvement of the human intellect, must be governed by the general law of moderation. Temperance, which may well be recommended as necessary to every other study, is peculiarly necessary here. A continual and excessive indulgence in animal gratifications produces obtuseness both of the bodily and the mental faculties; but it will ever prove particularly injurious to the memory, which, as it requires a more assiduous cultivation, is very easily blunted by being suffered to remain neglected or unexercised.

DIVERSITY OF VIEWS AND PASSIONS.

Minds differently fashioned, and under the influence of different passions, receive from the same objects dissimilar impressions. Exhibit the same beautiful valley to the miser and to the poet. Elegant and lovely images arise in the poet's mind; dryads preside in the groves, and naiads in the fountains. Millions of wealth seize the heart of the miser; he computes the profits of the meadows and the cornfields, and envies the possessor. The mind, dwelling with pleasure on those images which coincide with its present humor, or agree with the present passion, embellishes and improves them. The poet by figuring additional lawns and mountains, renders the landscape more beautiful or more sublime; but the miser moved by no compassion for wood nymphs or naiads, lays waste the forest, changes the windings of the river into a dead canal, and purchaseth wealth at the expense of beauty. Now as the influence of the passions governs and arranges our ideas, these in return nourish and promote the passions. If any object appear to us more striking and excellent than usual, it communicates a stronger impulse, and excites a more vehement desire. When the lover discovers new charms in the character of his mistress, if her complexion glow with a softer blush, if her manners seem more engaging, his love becomes

more ardent. Imaginary representations, more even than real objects stimulate our desires ; and our passions administering fuel to themselves are immoderately inflamed. Joy is in this manner enlivened ; anger more keenly exasperated ; envy burns with additional malice ; and melancholy, brooding over her ideas of misery and disappointment, is tortured with anguish and plunges into despair.

A PROVISION FOR THE POOR.

Nature, whatever shape thou wearest, whether on the mountains of Nova Zembla, or on the parched soil of the torrid tropics, still thou art amiable ! still shalt thou guide my footsteps ! with thy help the life allotted to this weak, this tender fabric, shall be rational and just. Those gentle emotions, which thou inspirest by an organized congeniality in all thy parts, teach me to feel ; instruct me to participate another's woes, to sympathize at distress, and find an uncommon glow of satisfaction at felicity. How then can the temporary, transient misfortunes of an hour cloud this brow, where serenity was wont to fix her reign ? no ; avaunt ye wayward jaundice spleens ! seize on the hypocrite, whose heart recoils at every forged puritanic face ; assail the miser, who sighs even when he beholds his treasures, and thinks of the instability of bolts and locks. Reflect wretch ! on the still greater instability of life itself ; calculate, caitiff, the days thou hast to live ; some ten years or less ; allot the portion thou now spendest for that period, and give the rest to the truly needy.

Could my prayers prevail, with zeal and reason joined, misery would be banished from earth, and every month be a vintage to the poor.

GOLDEN AGE.

Absurdities in speculative opinion are commonly considered as innocent things ; and we are told every

day that they are not worth refuting. So far as opinions are sure to rest merely in speculation and cannot in any degree become practical, this is doubtless the proper way of treating them. But there are few opinions of this dormant and indifferent kind, especially among those that become general and classical among the nations.

The activity of such, though imperceptible, is extensive. They get wrought into our intellectual existence and govern our modes of acting as well as thinking. The interest of society therefore requires that they should be scrutinized, and that such as are erroneous should be exposed, in order to be rejected ; when their place may be supplied by truth and reason, which nourish the mind and accelerate the progress of improvement.

Among the absurd notions which early turned the heads of the teachers of mankind, and which are so ridiculous as generally to escape our censure, is that of a Golden Age ; or the idea that men were more perfect, more moral, and more happy in some early stage of their intercourse, before they cultivated the earth and formed great societies.

The author of Don Quixote has played his artillery upon this doctrine to very good effect ; he has summoned against it all the force of our contempt by making it the text of one of the greatest discourses of his hero. But my sensibility is such on moral and political errors, as rarely to be satisfied with the weapon of ridicule ; though I know it to be one of the most mortal of intellectual weapons.

The notion that the social state of men cannot meliorate, that they have formerly been better than they now are, and that they are continually growing worse, is pregnant with infinite mischief. I know no doctrine in the whole labyrinth of imposture that has a more immoral tendency. It discourages the efforts of all political virtue ; it is a constant and practical apology for oppression, tyranny, despotism, in every shape, in every corner of society, as well as from the throne, the tribunal and the camp. It inculcates the

belief that ignorance is better than knowledge ; that war and violence are more natural than industry and peace ; that deserts and tombs are more glorious than joyful cities and cultivated fields.

One of the most operative means of bringing forward our improvements and of making mankind wiser, and better than they are, is to convince them that they are capable of, becoming so. Without this conviction they may indeed improve slowly, unsteadily and almost imperceptibly, as they have done within the period in which our histories are able to trace them. But this conviction, impressed on the minds of the chiefs and teachers of nations, and inculcated in their schools, would greatly expedite our advancement in public happiness and virtue. Perhaps it would in a great measure insure the world against any future shocks and retrograde steps, such as heretofore it has often experienced.

RESPONSIBILITY OF MEN OF GENIUS.

He to whom nature has dealt her favors with a liberal hand, upon whom she has bestowed a ready conception, an unclouded judgment, a happy expression, youth and health, has very important duties in life to fulfil ; he is placed in a most critical station, and he has no right to desert it. Such a man will ever be surrounded by a circle which, whether it be a large or a small one, must have claims upon him that he may not refuse to satisfy. Indolence in him becomes a positive crime ; and if indolence be criminal in such a character, what name shall we give to the misapplication of his powers ? The man of genius, then, is not to live for himself alone ; he is bound to exert his talents for the public good : still it must be in his proper sphere. Mankind would be but little benefited by the abilities of great men, if they were all legislators or all soldiers. Nature has decreed a secret division of the mental powers ; and to discover and mark that division is a rare and a happy faculty ; to

exercise it, is nevertheless, within the compass of human wisdom.

GENERAL CORRECTNESS OF THE PUBLIC ESTIMATE
OF TALENTS.

Talents, wherever they have had a suitable theatre, have never failed to emerge from obscurity and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The celebrated Camden is said to have been the tenant of a garret. Yet from the darkness, poverty and ignominy of this residence, he advanced to distinction and wealth, and graced the first offices and titles of our island. It is impossible to turn over the British Biography without being struck and charmed by the multitude of correspondent examples; a venerable group of men, who from the lowest depths of obscurity and want, and without even the influence of a patron, have risen to the first honors of their country, and founded their own families anew. In every nation and in every age, great talents, thrown fairly into the point of public observation, will invariably produce the same ultimate effect. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them; the base and malignant rancor of impotent spleen and envy, may strive to embarrass and retard their flight; but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum and mark their transit with an additional stream of glory.

It is true there always are and always will be in every society, individuals who will fancy themselves examples of genius overlooked, underrated, or invidiously oppressed. But the misfortune of such persons is imputable to their own vanity, and not to the public opinion which has weighed and graduated them. We remember many of our schoolmates whose geniuses bloomed and died within the walls of the university; but whose bodies still live, the moving monuments of

departed splendor, the animated and affecting remembrances of the extreme fragility of the human intellect.

—We remember others who have entered on public life with the most exulting promise ; have flown from the earth, like rockets ; and after a short and brilliant flight, have burst with one or two explosions—to blaze no more.

Others, by a few premature scintillations of thought, have led themselves and their partial friends to hope that they were fast advancing to a dawn of soft and beautiful light and a meridian of bright and gorgeous effulgence. But their day has never yet broken, and never will it break. They are doomed forever to that dim light which surrounds the frozen poles, when the sun has retreated to the opposite circle of the heavens. Their's is the eternal glimmering of the brain ; and their most luminous displays are the faint twinklings of the glow-worm. We have seen others, who, at their start, gain a casual projectility which raises them above their proper grade ; but by the just operation of their specific gravity, they are made to subside again and settle ultimately in the sphere to which they properly belong. All these characters, and many others who have had even slighter bases for their once sanguine, but now blasted hopes, form a querulous and melancholy band of moonstruck declaimers against the injustice of the world, the agency of envy and the force of destiny ; charging their misfortunes on every thing but the true cause : their own want of intrinsic, sterling merit : their want of that copious, perennial spring of great and useful thought, without which a man may hope in vain for growing reputation. Nor are they always satisfied with wailing their own destiny, pouring out the bitterest imprecations of their souls on the cruel stars which presided at their birth, and aspersing the justice of the public opinion which has sealed them : too often in the contortions and pangs of disappointed ambition, they cast a scowling eye over the world of man—start back and blanch at the lustre of superior merit. But it is all in vain.—In spite of every thing, the public opinion will finally

do justice to us all. The man who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result ;— however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, “ the swallows of science,” the butterflies of genius may flutter for their spring ; but they will soon pass away and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, (and, least of all, the truly great man) has reason to droop, or repine at any efforts which he may suppose to be made with a view to depress him ; since he may rely on the universal and unchanging truth, that talents, which are before the world, will most inevitably find their proper level ;— and this is certainly all that a just man should desire. Let then, the tempest of envy or malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him ; and any attempt to extinguish that, will be as unavailing as would a human effort to “ quench the stars.”

MEANS OF PERPETUATING THE MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS.

The magnificent structures, raised by the gratitude of mankind to their benefactors of old, had but a local and temporary use. They were beheld only by one people and for a few ages.

The heaven aspiring pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, and all that are upheld
The worshipping name of hoar antiquity,
Are mould'ring into dust.

In vain does the way-faring man investigate the tottering ruins for the divinity once enshrined there !— a scanty receptacle, about six feet in length and half the breadth, informs him that it once contained some human dust, long since mingled with the common mass. In vain does the prying antiquary dwell upon the sculpture, or strive to collect and spell the scatter-

ed fragments of letters. The inscription is gone—long since gone, effaced, obliterated! and fruitless were the search through the whole world for the hero's name, if it were not recorded in the Orator's page, and proclaimed by the faithful voice of history.

There it shall live, while the smallest vestiges of literature remain upon earth—yea, till the final dissolution of things human; nor shall it perish then; but being the immediate care of heaven, the great archangel when he sweeps suns and systems from their place, and kindles up their last fires, stretching forth his mighty arm, shall pluck the deathless scroll from the devouring conflagration, and give it a place among the archives of eternity.

HAPPINESS.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses she gives herself, but from the admiration she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence, but when she is an object of public attention.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

Of all the ingredients (and they are both numerous and varied) that enter into the composition of national character, there is, perhaps, none more interesting, or more extensively, or importantly operative, none

that can be turned to a higher account, than a well-regulated principle of national pride. This principle is so nearly allied to the love of country, that it might almost be regarded as another name for that virtuous attachment. No man can sincerely love his country, without being proud of his country, no man can sincerely love his fellow-citizens, without being proud of his fellow-citizens, no man can love the constitution, laws, and government under which he lives, without being proud of these national compacts. So necessarily does a sentiment of national pride grow out of, and identify itself with a sentiment of affection.

It is not alone on the man of the sword—the man to whom the battles of his country are entrusted—that national pride is powerfully operative. Its agency, confined to no class or description of society, is bounded only by the limits of the state. From the chief magistrate himself, whether he be styled emperor, king, sultan or president, down to the lowest of his subjects, vassals or fellow citizens, it shoots its all-pervasive influence. It gives dignity and force to the pen of the historian, renders the inspiration of the poet more divine, and touches with brighter fire the orator's resistless tongue. It electrifies the soul, fortifies the mind, and sublimates the patriotism of the husbandman at his plough, or the mechanic in his workshop, no less than of the minister in his cabinet, or the senator in his council chamber. It is a great diffusive sympathetic principle, which quickens, allies, and converts into an unit the whole mass of national population. It is thus that the nation gains confidence in itself, becomes happy and exalted in peace, and formidable, if not invincible in war.

But unless we are taught to regard our country, its inhabitants, and all that belongs to it, in a dignified and honorable point of view, the sentiment of national pride can never spring up, or springing up, must prematurely wither in our bosoms. As we cannot love deformity nor esteem those that are habitually depraved, so neither can we be proud of that which is ignoble and degraded. The individual who can believe

his country, no matter whether his belief be true or false, to be inferior to the surrounding countries of the globe, must immediately divest himself of national pride, and with it must also resign a certain portion of personal dignity and self-respect.

Could we, contrary to the testimony of nature herself, as conveyed to our mind through the medium of our senses, be induced to give credit to the representations of European philosophers, statesmen, and tourists, how could we as Americans, be proud of our country? How could we even escape the lowest depth of mortification and self-abasement? These writers, particularly the latter class of them, declare us to be, in all things, degraded below the level of the human standard, inferior in personal comeliness and strength, wanting in courage and manliness of spirit, deficient in the natural endowments of the mind, in morality, in education, in the virtues of the individual, in social qualities and in all the amiable charities of the heart. Nor is this all,—even of our country itself, they give pictures that are now humiliating and disgusting, now hideous and frightful. Our climate, they declare to be constantly torn to pieces by fierce and militant extremes, at one time insufferably hot, again, in quick succession tormentingly cold, now arid as Arabia itself, then inundated by torrents of rain, now marked by a sultry and suffocating calm, anon by the most wild and destructive conflict of the elements. In the dismal catalogue of our natural evils, pestilence is admitted to a distinguished place. Our forests are represented as infested by ravenous and ferocious beasts of prey, at mortal enmity with the life of man, the earth as haunted by hordes of serpents ready to infuse into him their deadly poison, and the atmosphere as abounding with myriads of loathsome and venomous insects, whose stings, bites, and annoyance, swell discomfort even to torture. Add to these, a soil fertile in noxious and unsightly weeds, but niggardly in the production of all that is pleasing and profitable, rivers peopled only by water-serpents and frogs, crocodiles and alligators; here tracts of burning sand, where no

verdure springs to relieve the eye of the traveller, nor does a fountain break forth to extinguish his thirst ; there interminable swamps and marshes, the abode of dangerous and offensive reptiles, and fruitful in nothing but the seeds of disease. Add these and a few other features ignoble and rude, disgusting and terrific, and you have a faint outline of an European picture of nature in America.

And strange as it must seem, it is true, that so familiar are we grown with these insulting and malicious fictions, these slanders on ourselves and on nature around us, as not only to tolerate them, but even to admit that they are partially true, that they are, at least, more applicable to the state and condition of things in America, than they are in any of the countries of Europe. We repeat, and we experience a blush of shame mingled with indignation, in making the repetition, that so familiar are Americans grown with the story of their own disgrace, as almost to sit down contented and fancy themselves disgraceful.—They do not, with that respect which is due to themselves, with that spirit and dignity which the occasion demands, resent and spurn from them, the taunts and jeers that are thrown on them from abroad. A state of things this, tending to the subversion of national pride, national spirit, and every thing that can give us weight and character as a people, tending to destroy our happiness and security at home, and render us an object for the scorn of foreign nations to point her "slow unmoving finger at."

Under these circumstances it is high time for Americans to awake from their lethargy,—it is time for our literary characters, in particular (of whom, as will hereafter appear, we have a phalanx, numerous and refined, brilliant and powerful) to put forth their might, and vindicate their own and their country's reputation. It is time for them to convince foreigners who want information, and such of their fellow-citizens as are wavering in their opinions, that we are not, as represented, a degraded and uncharacterized people,—but that, on the other hand, we possess our

full share of national spirit and capacity, cultivation and character ; and that therefore, we have the most ample and solid ground for cherishing sentiments of national pride. For the accomplishment of this, all party distinctions should be abolished, a confederacy should be formed, embodying the collective talent of the nation, and every local consideration merged in a noble resolve to become a band of *Americans*, and do signal justice to their country and themselves.

LITERARY RETIREMENT.

At my peaceful retreat at Laurentum, I neither hear nor speak any thing of which I have occasion to repent. There I live undisturbed by rumor, and free from the anxious solitudes of hope or fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life ! pleasing and honorable repose ! More, perhaps, to be desired than employments of any kind ! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, best and most retired scene for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have ye inspired me ! Snatch then my friend as I have, the first occasion of leaving the noisy town, with all its frivolous pursuits, and devote your days to study.

Nor has the enthusiastic Petrarch been less mindful of the influence of literature : but has described in a familiar allegory, those real benefactors of mankind, whose writings exalt the mind and purify the heart.

I have friends whose society is delightful to me ; they are persons of all countries, and of all ages ; distinguished in war, in council, and in letters. Some present in review before me the events of past ages ; others recal to me the secrets of nature ; these teach me how to live, and those how to die : these dispel my melancholy by their mirth, and amuse me by their sallies of wit ; and some there are who prepare my soul to suffer every thing, to desire nothing, and to become thoroughly acquainted with itself. As a reward for such great services, they require only a corner of my

little house, where they may be safely sheltered from their enemies. In fine, I carry them with me into the fields, the silence of which suits them better than the business and bustle of cities.

DECLENSION OF LITERARY TASTE.

There is a great fault in the world, as it respects the subject of taste in composition; a giddy instability, a light and fluttering vanity, a restless desire after novelty, an impatience, a disgust, a fastidious contempt of every thing that is old. I shall not be understood as censuring the progress of sound science. I am not so infatuated an antiquarian, nor so poor a philanthropist, as to seek to retard the expansion of the human mind: but lament the eternal oblivion into which our old authors, those giants of literature, are permitted to sink, while the world stands open-eyed and open-mouthed, to catch every modern tinselled abortion, as it falls from the press.

This insatiable thirst for novelty has had a very striking effect on the style of modern productions. The plain language of easy conversation will no longer do. The writer who contends for fame or even truth, is obliged to consult the reigning taste of the day. Hence, too often, in opposition to his own judgment, he is led to incumber his ideas with his gorgeous load of ornaments; and when he would present to the public a body of pure, substantial and useful thought, he finds himself constrained to incrust and bury its utility within a dazzling case, to convert a feast of reason to a concert of sounds; a rich intellectual boon into a mere bouquet of variegated pinks and blushing roses. In his turn he contributes to establish and spread wide the perversion of the public taste: and thus on a principle resembling that of action and reaction, the author and the public reciprocate the injury, just as in the licentious reign of Charles II. the dramatist and the audience were to poison each others morals.

ADDISON'S SPECTATOR.

Is it not strange that such a work should have ever declined in the public estimation? A style so sweet and simple; and yet so ornamented! A temper so benevolent, so cheerful, so exhilarating! A body of knowledge and of original thought, so immense and various! So strikingly just, so universally useful! What person, of any sex, temper, calling, or pursuit, can possibly converse with the Spectator, without being conscious of immediate improvement? To the spleen, he is a perpetual and never failing antidote, as he is to ignorance and immorality. No matter for the disposition of mind in which you take him up; you smile at the wit, laugh at the drollery, feel your mind enlightened, your heart opened, softened and refined, and when you lay him down, you are sure to be in better humor, both with yourself and every body else. I have never mentioned the subject to a reader of the Spectator, who did not admit this to be the invariable process: and in such a world of misfortunes, of cares and sorrows and guilt, as this is, what a prize would this collection be, if it were rightly estimated! Were I the sovereign of a nation which spoke the English language, and wished my subjects cheerful, virtuous and enlightened, I would furnish every poor family in my dominions, (and see that the rich furnish themselves,) with a copy of the Spectator; and ordain that the parents or children should read four or five numbers, aloud, every night in the year. For one of the peculiar perfections of the work is, that while it contains such a mass of ancient and modern learning, so much of profound wisdom and of beautiful composition, yet there is scarcely a number throughout the eight volumes which is not level to the meanest capacity. Another perfection is, that the Spectator will never become tiresome to any one, whose taste and whose heart remain uncorrupted.

I do not mean that this author should be read to the exclusion of others; much less that he should stand in the way of the generous pursuit of science, or interrupt the discharge of social or private duties. All

the counsels of the work itself have a directly reverse tendency. It furnishes a store of the clearest argument and of the most amiable and captivating exhortations, "to raise the genius and to mend the heart." I regret, only, that such a book should be thrown by, and almost forgotten, while the gilded blasphemies of infidels and "noon-tide" traces of pernicious theorists are hailed with rapture and echoed round the world. For such, I should be pleased to see the Spectator universally substituted; and, throwing out of the question its morality, its literary information, its sweetly contagious serenity, and the pure and chaste beauties of its style; and considering it merely as a curiosity, as centering the brilliant sports of the finest cluster of geniuses that ever graced the earth, it surely deserves perpetual attention, respect and consecration.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Perhaps no poems have been read more generally, or with more pleasure, than the Seasons of Thomson. This was a natural consequence of the objects which they present, and of the genius which they display. In descriptive poetry, or as a poetical painter, I do not know an equal to Thomson. The pictures of other poets, comparatively with his, often want precision, color and expression: because they are more copies from books than originals; rather secondary descriptions, than transcripts made immediately from the living volume of nature. With her Thomson was intimately acquainted; and as his judgment, his sentiment, his taste, are equal to his diligent observation, the whole group of objects in his descriptions is always peculiarly striking, or affecting from their natural and happy relation to one another.—Hence peculiarly in this poet, a little natural object apparently insignificant of itself, takes consequence from its association to others, and very much brightens and enforces the awful or beautiful assemblage. Thomson's poetry is still more nobly recommended

to his readers, by a most amiable morality and religion ; by a rational and sublime adoration of God ;— and by a tender, ardent, and universal love of man.— His powers in exhibiting natural objects, often strongly inculcate his morality and religion ; the painter and the sage are very fortunate auxiliaries to each other. The structure of his verse is, characteristically, his own :—true genius disdains all mechanical and servile imitation ; that verse is always perspicuous, energetic :—fully and clearly expressive of his ideas ; —not so easy, always, and flowing in its close as we could wish. The favorite objects of his mind did not captivate his imagination alone ; they actuated and marked his manners and his life. He was a most benevolent as well as a great man : he was a poet of the first class ; he was an honor to Scotland, to Europe, to mankind.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

A state of cultivated society is most propitious to the intellectual improvement and happiness of the female sex ; but with all the advantages of such a state, it has not generally occurred, that mankind have duly appreciated the advantages of female education, or been sufficiently sedulous in forming plans for their literary advancement.

The degrading opinion, however that the female mind is unworthy or incapable of literary ornament, or that its acquisition is incompatible with the relative duties of women, has been nearly exploded. It is considered an ungenerous sentiment, that would ascribe to them an inferiority in natural genius, or an incapacity for the reception of learning ; and instead of the illiberal recommendation of household cares, as alone deserving their attention, it has been discovered that it is easy for them to reconcile the acquirement and enjoyment of the benefits of a good education, with the faithful discharge of every female duty.

It is a gratifying circumstance, that since the zeal for encouraging literature has ceased its objects in

our sex only, many illustrious examples have been added to those recorded in ancient history, of ladies who have been the delight of every circle where polite learning was the theme of conversation, as they have been examples of every domestic virtue in their own families.

While, however, indulging such feelings, while exulting in the emancipation of the female mind from the fetters of prejudice, and the bondage of ignorance, let it be forever recollected, that as a polite and well-informed woman, is the most welcome companion of the intelligent of our sex, a female pedant is in all respects the reverse.

The modesty and amiableness of her character, should ever be considered by a well bred-woman, as ornaments of too valuable a description to give place to the affectation and conceit of scholastic attainments, and it should be her constant study, to avoid an ostentatious display of the decorations of her mind, as a correct taste would direct her to do in those of her person. It must, indeed, be confessed, that in our days, there is less danger than formerly of the occurrence of this evil.

The beneficial alterations that have taken place in the species of learning prosecuted in seminaries of female education, have had the effect of uniting the useful and agreeable.

While the pupil is directed to such branches of study as are calculated not wholly to engross the mind, but to allow her to prepare for the duties in life to which she may be destined; while she is presented with such as may never mar the delicacy of her sentiments, or the softness of her demeanor, but will embellish any situation in society she may be called to occupy; we need have little dread of female pedantry.

Possibly, in a disposition, as a general scheme, not to encourage our amiable friends to attempt the highest flights of scientific attainment, not to involve themselves in laborious efforts to become acquainted with the dead languages, or familiar with all the subtleties

of an abstract philosophy, we may err on the contrary extreme.

We may not sufficiently inculcate the necessity of adhering to what is really useful, and by carelessness in this respect may suffer our young ladies to acquire a fondness for reading of too light and trivial a kind. This is a fault, into which, of all others, the undirected youthful mind is most apt to fall.

On one description of books it feeds, if permitted, with a ruinous avidity. I mean the trash, under the names of novels and romances, which false taste, weak intellects, or depraved dispositions have thrown in such numbers on the world. Instead of the evil of pedantry, these are calculated to seduce the unsettled minds of young persons into the adoption of erroneous and immoral principles, to beget frivolity of disposition, and a dislike of more solid and profitable reading, to encourage false views of life, and frequently to terminate in a disastrous course of conduct.

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence has ever been the delight of mankind ; in all ages, in every climate, and under every form of government, it has possessed an exquisite charm, and borne an irresistible dominion. Over the savage and unlettered bands of America, and the barbarous hordes of the north : over the enlightened meetings of the Areopagus and the forum, and the polished legislations of modern Europe and the United States, it has alike exercised a mighty sway. True it is, this exalted science has taken different directions and assumed different forms, as the manners and opinions of men have varied ; but still, its internal spirit and nature remain the same. The same soul is required to discern and to be animated by its beauties ; and whether the courage is to be inflamed, the imagination delighted, or the judgment convinced, still while these ends are effected by the use of words, and by the manner in which they are delivered, we must be content to con-

sider this medium as eloquence, and to call him by whose powers it is thus successfully directed, an orator.

HINTS ON THE ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.

There is a uniform mode, or art of pleading in our courts, which is in itself, faulty, and is moreover, a bar to the higher excellencies. You know, before an advocate begins, in what manner he will treat the subject; you anticipate his positiveness, his complete confidence in the stability of his case, his contempt of his opponent, his valuable exaggeration, and the vehemence of his indignation. All these are of course. It is no matter what sort of a face the business assume. If the advocate be all impetuosity, astonishment and indignation on one side, we know he would not have been a whit less impetuous, less astonished or less indignant on the other, had he happened to be retained. It is true this assurance of success, this contempt of an opponent, and dictatorial decision in speaking, are calculated to have effect upon the minds of a jury; and, if it be the business of a counsel to obtain his ends by any means, he is right to adopt them; but the misfortune is, all these things are mechanical, and as much in the power of the opposite counsel as in your own; so that it is not so much who *argues best*, as who speaks last, loudest, and longest.

True eloquence, on the other hand, is confident only when there is real ground for confidence; trusts more to reason and facts than to imposing declamation, and seeks rather to convince than to dazzle.—The obstreperous rant of a pleader may, for a while, intimidate a jury; but plain, manly argument, delivered in a candid and ingenuous manner, would gain the confidence of a jury, and would find the avenue of their hearts much more open than a man of more assurance, who by too much confidence where there is much doubt, and too much vehemence where there is greater need of coolness, puts his hearers continually

in mind that he is pleading for hire. There seems to me so much beauty in truth, that I could wish our barristers would make a difference between cases, in their opinion, well or ill founded ; embarking their whole heart and soul in the one, and contenting themselves with a perspicuous and forcible statement of their client's case in the other.

ART OF PRINTING.

When we look at the remains of ancient literature that have passed unhurt the ordeal of Gothic barbarism, and reached us untarnished by the gross ignorance of the dark ages ; when we recollect the number of literary works that formerly existed and which formed a magnificent monument of Roman and Grecian literature, and at the same time reflect on the endless drudgery, requisite in their formation and compilation, we can never sufficiently admire the prevalence of that taste for science and learning which characterized the ancient republics of Southern Europe ; never do sufficient justice to the laborious efforts of the scientific portions of those communities, in raising a fabric of learning and knowledge, the vastness and magnificence of which should dazzle and astonish the imaginations of a future world. Eminent, however, as was the genius, and numerous as were the literary acquirements of such as, in those days were considered men of science, when we reflect upon the absolute impossibility there existed of diffusing the knowledge they possessed through the mass of society, or at least the irremediable inconvenience of communicating a portion of their numerous acquisitions to their more ignorant fellow-citizens, we find those great talents and the superabundance of knowledge they possessed, entirely destitute of that general utility which constitutes the essential importance of learning and science. For what benefit to society can ever result from knowledge, however extensive, if possessed solely by a few that are either unable or un-

willing to share it with others ?—Who could ever consider the philosopher, that from some obvious reason, was incapable of allowing the world ever to taste the fruits of his labors, a useful or important member of society ?

In how important a light then, must we not view a discovery, that enabled man to scatter the results of his literary researches, with rapidity and equality, among those around him ; that rendered all the divisions of a state capable of participating in the knowledge of their superiors ; that released the scientific riches of the learned from the narrow limits of their closets and empowered them to spread free and unconfined but by the bounds of society itself.

View the art of printing in whatever light fancy may dictate, and we find it equally useful and important. Whether connected with civil government, religion or literature, it is to mankind of similar utility. To enumerate and demonstrate the dangers of despotism and make generally known the point at which the divesting of man of his natural liberty, when becoming a member of a civilized community, should with propriety stop ; to infuse into the soul suitable ideas of our Creator's excellence, and expand the mind by a knowledge of his omnipotence and infinitude, and to "pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind," are in the end equally beneficial to society, and are among the many important advantages of which as rapid and effectual conveyance to the world in general, and the various classes of society in particular, has been primarily derived from the invention of printing.

GEOGRAPHY.

Perhaps there is no science, which blends more intimately the pleasing with the useful, than that which makes us acquainted with the figure and the laws of motion of the globe, which we inhabit ; together with the relative position, and natural and artificial boundaries of the continents, countries, islands, seas, rivers,

mountains, &c. with which its surface is diversified. It is a study, which at once amuses the imagination, exercises the memory, and strengthens the judgment ; and is of primary importance in the education of youth, before the latter faculty is so far unfolded as to render the pupil competent to more severe studies.

Mr. Locke, in his treatise entitled, "Some thoughts concerning education," observes, "Geography, I think should be begun with ; for the learning of the figure of the globe, the situation and boundaries of the four parts of the world, and those of particular kingdoms and countries, being only an exercise of the eyes and memory, a child with pleasure will learn and retain them ; and this is so certain, that I now live in the house with a child, whom his mother has so well instructed in this way, in geography, that he knew the limits of the four parts of the world, could readily point, being asked, to any country on the globe, or any county in the map of England, knew all the rivers, promontories, straits, and bays in the world, and could find the longitude and latitude of any place, before he was six years old. These things that he will thus learn by sight, and have by rote, are not all, I confess, that he is to learn upon the globes. But yet they are a good step and preparation for it, and will make the remainder much easier, when his judgment has grown ripe enough for it ; besides that it gets so much time now, and by the pleasure of knowing things, leads him insensibly to the gaining of languages."

This science is not only of importance to be taught to children, but adults will derive great advantages from its cultivation. Scarce a page in history can be read, and its import understood, without the assistance of maps. They are indispensable in order to enable us to comprehend the causes and calculate on the consequences of the wonderful events, which are now developing on the grand theatre of Europe. Editors of Newspapers, and of other political and scientific periodical publications, whose duty it is to convey to the American public, correct information on the above-mentioned subjects, will find themselves lost in a wil-

derness of conjecture without the assistance of accurate maps, to be referred to whenever they hazard an opinion upon articles of important intelligence. Without a competent knowledge of the topography of the kingdoms, and republics, which have come within the vortex of the powers, which have convulsed the eastern hemisphere, and shaken the civilized world to its centre, the best written accounts of the efforts of the contending nations will be involved in obscurity, and afford the reader but little instruction.

Of such consequence was this science esteemed by the literati and politicians of France, that soon after the revolution they founded topographical schools, in which the knowledge of geography was carried to a pitch of almost incredible accuracy. Aided by the labors and intelligence of the pupils of these schools, the French are enabled to explore every part of the habitable globe for the purpose of business, pleasure or conquest, without the necessity of recurring to guides, or the casual and precarious information, which may be gleaned from the inhabitants of the countries they visit. It is hoped that Americans will not suffer themselves to be surpassed by any nation in a science of such utility and importance.

PASSAGE OF THE POTOMAC THROUGH THE BLUE RIDGE IN VIRGINIA.

This is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards, that in this place particularly, they have been

dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley ; that continuing to rise, they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrapture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful, as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

These falls have long been celebrated, as sustaining the first rank among natural curiosities. They are upon the outlet of Lake Erie, called Niagara river, which forms a part of the boundary between the State of New York and Upper Canada, 22 miles below the lake, and 12 miles above the entrance of the river into lake Ontario. The general course of the river is northerly. Its breadth is from one to two miles. The stream is divided at the great fall, by an island the lower part of which is a bluff, nearly on a line with the precipices over which the branches of the river pass. These branches are very nearly 2,500 feet wide. The height of the perpendicular fall is 156 feet ; that of

the rapids above it, is estimated at 58 feet ; and of those below it, at 67 feet ; making the whole descent 281 feet. The country above the falls is an elevated plain, which extending a few miles below them, suddenly breaks off, and assumes a new level at the foot of a declivity more than 230 feet below the former plain ; and from the cataract to the lower plain, the river descends in a perfect chasm. Philosophical gentlemen, who have investigated the subject from actual observation, are of opinion that the falls were originally at the foot of the lower rapids ; and that the channel from thence to the perpendicular fall, has been gradually formed by the long and constant operation of the waters.

The roaring and foaming of the rapids for near a mile in full view, before the river arrives at the precipice ; the green tint of the water, edged all the way down by curling folds of snow white foam ; the immediate chasm of boiling snow into which the river pours ; the mist which perpetually hovers over the gulf below, and through which you see at intervals the turbulence of the bottom ; the trees of the island which divides the falls, and which seems to descend even below the precipice itself ; the immense interminable mass of wood, which fills the whole of the surrounding country, and borders to the very margin every part of the watery prospect ; and the rapidity with which the green and white current below drives along, as if in haste to escape from the horrible chasm in which it had been engulfed, form altogether a scene of grandeur and of beauty unrivalled.

WHITE MOUNTAINS IN NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

These mountains are visible at a great distance, serving as a landmark for a considerable length of coast, of difficult navigation ; and are probably the highest in the United States ; the principal summits having been estimated at 7,800, and even at 10,000 feet above the level of the sea ; but Mount Washington,

the most elevated point, has been recently ascertained from a barometrical mensuration, to be 6,254 feet above the sea, and 4,460 above its base.

The traveller having gained the latter summit, is recompensed for his toil, if the sky be serene, with a most noble and extensive prospect. On the south-east side, there is a view of the Atlantic ocean, the nearest part of which is sixty-five miles, in a direct line. On the west and north, the prospect is bounded by the highlands, which separate the waters of Connecticut and Ameriscooggin rivers, from those of lake Champlain and St. Lawrence. On the south, it extends to the most southern mountains of New-Hampshire, comprehending a view of a considerable lake.

These vast and irregular heights, being copiously replenished with water, exhibit a great variety of beautiful cascades; some of which fall in a perpendicular sheet, others spread and form a bason in the rock, and then gush in a cataract over its edge. A poetic fancy may find full gratification amidst these wild and rugged scenes, if its ardor be not checked by the fatigue of the approach. Almost every thing in nature, which can be supposed capable of inspiring ideas of the sublime and beautiful, is here realized. Aged mountains, stupendous elevations, rolling clouds, impending rocks, verdant woods, bleak summits, chrystal streams, the gentle rill, and the roaring torrent, all conspire to amaze, to soothe, and to enrapture.

MOUNT ETNA.

Mount Etna, a celebrated natural curiosity, is situated in the interior of Sicily. The circuit of its base is 180 miles, and its height above the level of the sea is computed at about 11,000 feet. On the summit is a crater, of an oval form, above three miles in circumference. The phenomena attending an eruption, have been frequently and minutely described by different authors. The pale white smoke, which continually issues from the crater, even in its most quiet state, be-

gins to increase in quantity ; small clouds of black smoke are seen at short intervals, shooting up through the centre of the white column, and suddenly losing themselves in the higher regions of the air. These clouds soon increase in number, and at last the whole column assumes a black appearance. During the night, this black smoke resembles a pillar of flame ; an appearance which the lowest part of the column retains even during the day. This smoke becomes highly electrical ; and continual flashes of forked lightning are seen darting from it in every direction. In this state, it is sometimes carried by the winds into the adjoining country, where it commits the most dreadful ravages. On some occasions, it has been known to extend to a distance of 100 miles, laying waste every thing around, killing the shepherd and his flocks on the mountains, blasting the trees, and setting fire to the houses. In this state of the mountain, showers of ashes frequently occur, red hot stones of immense size are projected to an astonishing height in the air, and the earth seems convulsed to its centre.

EARTHQUAKES.

An earthquake is a sudden concussion of the earth, accompanied with unusual noises, resembling frequently subterranean thunder, and sometimes, as loud as the report of cannon. It produces from the earth an emission of vapor, flame, water, stones, or other substances, is usually attended with a sulphureous smell, and differs in violence from a slight shock to the most tremendous convulsion. The concussion is subject to considerable variety in its form or direction. When violent in the first degree, nothing can withstand its all destroying impetus. It resembles a stroke of vengeance urged by the might of Omnipotence itself. The palace and the cottage, the temple and the obelisk, all the works of industry and the monuments of art, lie around in disjointed fragments, or the earth yawns and they sink into the vast and

fathomless profound. Lofty mountains with their rocks and woods are precipitated into the valleys and plains, with wide spreading ruin and hideous commotion. The ancient courses of rivers are obstructed, and their waters forced to become stagnant, or cut for themselves new and circuitous channels. Whole tracts of country with their cities, villages, and human inhabitants, their flocks and herds, and all they contain, suddenly disappear, and lakes or the ocean occupy their place. Nor is the sea, or the heavens, exempt from the tumult. The waters of the deep, in the wildest disorder, now retreat from the shore, and now assail it with irresistible fury, while the skies themselves, rent with thunder and glowing with lightning, have presented, at times, the terrific appearance of a canopy of fire. It is scarcely hyperbolical to say, that the very fabric of nature seems ready to be resolved into its primary elements, and that the reign of chaos threatens to return.

COMETS.

These bodies afford a wonderful display of the infinitude of space, the grandeur of the universe, and the immensity as well as the power, wisdom, and goodness of Him who rules all, controls all, preserves all, and is every where present. In relation to these points, the comet seems to impart to us a more luminous and impressive lesson, than all the other bodies that roll through the heavens. More rapid in its motion than the lightning of the skies, travelling several millions of miles every hour, it journies at this rate for many centuries, before it completes a single round of its customary orbit. How many other suns it passes, through how many other systems it sweeps, and what proportion of entire space it traverses during this stupendous career, it does not belong to us even to conjecture. Imagination itself, unable to pursue it through a field so unbounded, shrinks from the attempt in absolute despair. When we reflect on the inconceivable impe-

tus with which the comet moves ; the number of other celestial bodies it must necessarily pass in its course ; the thousand fragments into which it would shiver both itself and them, were it to impinge against them ; the disorder and confusion likely to ensue in the grand system of nature, from such an event, and the difficulty of regulating and controlling millions of such bodies, all flying in swift and simultaneous motion—when we reflect on these points, we are lost in amazement, at the power, the wisdom, the vigilance, and the benignity of that Being, who sits at the helm of creation, and directs the movements of the mighty machine. Such is the lofty, and pious style of reflection, which the appearance of comets is calculated to inspire. And, should it not be thought to savour of self-commendation, we might safely, because truly, add, such is the style which oftentimes took possession of our own mind, on viewing the comet of 1811, alike unusual for its magnitude and brilliancy. It is, in a peculiar manner, when looking on these bodies, that we are inclined with the poet, emphatically to exclaim, “ An undevout astronomer is mad.”

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Hail ! thou inexhaustible* source of wonder and contemplation ! Hail thou multitudinous ocean ! whose waves chase one another down like the generations of men, and after a momentary space are immersed forever in oblivion ! Thy fluctuating waters wash the varied shores of the world, and while they disjoin nations, whom a nearer connection would involve in eternal war, they circulate their arts and their labors, and give health and plenty to mankind.

How glorious ! how awful are the scenes which thou displayest ! Whether we view thee, when every wind is hushed, when the morning sun silvers the level line of the horizon, or when its evening track is marked with flaming gold, and thy unrippled bosom reflects the radiance of the over-arching heavens !—

Or whether we behold thee in thy terrors, when the black tempest sweeps thy swelling billows, and the boiling surge mixes with the clouds, when death rides the storm, and humanity drops a fruitless tear for the toiling mariner, whose heart is sinking with dismay !

When the mind contemplates the flux and reflux of thy tides, which from the beginning of the world were never known to err, how does it shrink at the idea of that divine power which originally laid thy foundations so sure, and whose omnipotent voice hath fixed the limits where thy proud waves shall be stayed !

APOSTROPHE TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! Whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting light ? thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky ; the moon cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone : who can be a companion of thy course ! The oaks of the mountains fall : the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again ; the moon herself is lost in heaven ; but thou art forever the same ; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests ;—when thunder rolls, and lightning flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills ; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

RUINS OF PALMYRA

I daily visited the monuments which cover the plain, and one evening, absorbed in reflection, I had advanced to the valley of Sepulchres. I ascended the heights which surround it, from whence the eye commands the whole group of ruins and the immensity of the desert. The sun was set ; a red border of light, on the distant horizon of the mountains of Syria, still marked its tract : the full-orbed moon was rising in the east, on a blue ground, over the plains of the Euphrates ; the sky was clear, the air calm and serene ; the dying lamp of day still softened the horrors of approaching darkness ; the rising freshness of the night attempered the sultry emanations from the heated earth ; the herdsmen had given their camels to repose ; the eye perceived no motion on the dusky and uniform plain ; profound silence rested on the desert ; the howlings only of the jackall, and the solemn notes of the bird of night, were heard at distant intervals. Darkness now thickened ; and already, through the dusk, could only be discerned the pale phantasms of columns and walls. The solitude of the place, the tranquillity of the hour, the majesty of the scene, impressed on my mind a religious pensiveness. The aspect of a great city deserted, the record of times past, compared with its present state, all elevated my mind to high contemplations. I sat on the shaft of a column, my elbow reposing on my knee, and head reclining on my hand, my eyes fixed, sometimes on the desert, sometimes on the ruins, I abandoned myself to a profound reverie. Here, said I, once flourished an opulent city ; here was the seat of a powerful empire. Yes ! these places, now wild and desert, were once animated by a living multitude ; a busy crowd circulated in these streets now solitary. Within these walls, where now reigns the silence of death, resounded incessantly the noise of the arts, and the shouts of joy and festivity : these piles of marble were regular palaces ; these fallen columns adorned the majesty of temples ; these ruined galleries traced the public places. Here assembled a numerous people for the sa-

cred duties of their religion, and the affecting cares of their subsistence ; here industry, parent of enjoyments, collected the riches of all climates ; and the purple of Tyre was exchanged for the precious thread of Serica ; the soft tissures of Cassimire for the sumptuous tapestry of Lydia ; the amber of the Baltic for the pearls and perfumes of Arabia ; the gold of Ophir for the tin of Thule. And now behold what remains of this powerful city ; a miserable skeleton ! what of its vast domination ; a doubtful and empty remembrance ! To the noisy concourse which thronged under these porticoes succeeds the solitude of death. The silence of the grave is substituted for the hum of public places ; the wealth of a commercial city is changed into hideous poverty ; the palaces of kings become the den of wild beasts ; flocks fold on the area of the temples, and filthy reptiles inhabit the sanctuary of the gods. Ah ! how has so much glory been eclipsed ! how have been annihilated so many labors ! Do thus, then perish the works of men ! thus vanish empires and nations !

Pursuing the vicissitudes which have transmitted the sceptre of the world successively to people so different in religion and manners from those of ancient Asia, to the most recent of Europe, this name of a natal land revived in me the sentiment of my country, and turning my eyes towards her, I fixed all my thoughts on the situation in which I had left her. I recalled her fields so richly cultivated, her roads so sumptuously formed, her cities inhabited by a countless people, her fleets spread over every sea, her ports covered with the tribute of both the Indies ; and comparing with the activity of her commerce, the extent of her navigation, the richness of her monuments, what Egypt and Syria had once possessed, I was gratified to find in modern Europe the departed splendor of Asia. But soon the charm of my reverie was dissolved by a last term of comparison : reflecting that such had once been the activity of the places I was then contemplating, who knows, said I, but such may one day be the abandonment of our countries ? Who knows, if on the banks of the Thames, the Seine, or

the Zuyderzer, where now in the vortex of so many enjoyments, the heart and the eye suffice not for the multitude of sensations, who knows if some traveller, like me, shall not one day sit on their silent ruins, and weep in solitude over the ashes of their people, and the memory of their greatness ?

CONFLAGRATION OF A COTTAGE.

It was night ; the laborers of the day had all retired to rest ; the lights were out in every cottage, and no sound was heard but the murmur of the waterfall and the deep-mouthed watch-dog that bayed at hallow distance. My heart dilated with unutterable delights, as I approached the peaceful mansion ; I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. As a bird long absent from the nest, my affections outstripped my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side in all the rapture of expectation. I already received my wife's embrace and smiled at the joy of my little ones. When I was within a few furlongs of my door, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me. All was quiet, when, in a moment, the cottage was bursting out into a blaze, and every aperture was red with conflagration. I gave a convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement. This alarmed my son, who had till then been asleep ; and he perceiving the flames, instantly awakened my wife and daughter ; and, all running out naked and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to view objects of terror ; for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony, looking on as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my little ones but they were not to be found. O misery, cried I, where are my little ones ? they are burnt to death in the flames, exclaimed my wife calmly, and I will perish with them. The moment I heard the cry of

the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, nothing could have stopped me. Where are my children, cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting through the door of the chamber in which they were confined. Here, dear papa, here we are, cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed in which they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and conveyed them through the fire, while just as I was going out the roof sunk in. Now cried I, holding up my children, let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish.

HAMET.—A TALE.

In the delightful region of Arabia the happy, that country so dear to the imagination of youth, the birth-place of genii, and romance, resided the shepherd Hamet. He was born on the side of a mountain which is seen to arise abruptly from the ocean, and whose rocky base often resounds to the waves, as they break in idle fury at its foot. Here, occupied in the care of his flocks, that were often seen by the mariner skipping with airy levity from rock to rock, Hamet tasted all those solid enjoyments which health and nature ever bestow. He drank the water as it rolled in chrystalline purity from the hill side ; his food was gathered by his own hand from its parent tree ; content was the companion of his daily rambles ;—and health watched every night over his slumbers.

Happy if Hamet had been permitted to enjoy the pleasures of his lot. But one of those malignant genii, who are always on the watch to thwart the happiness of the followers of the prophet, and look with envious eyes on those enjoyments they are forever debarred from tasting, infused into his mind a feeling of disgust, which gaining strength from indulgence, at length poisoned every moment of his life. Hamet was taught to believe that the life he led, in comparison with that of those who lived at a distance in the cities, was desolate and forlorn, and precluded

from those ravishing delights which constitute the true charm of existence. This thought, cherished for a time, at length generated a repining spirit:—every hour increased his discontent; and now his only pleasure consisted in indulging his imagination in sketching exaggerated and fantastic pictures of every untried mode of life, and of every enjoyment that was out of his reach.

One evening he sat on a jutting rock, that projected far into the sea, indulging in those dear but fatal reveries, and listening to the dashing of the waves, which, returning at regular intervals, increased his abstraction, and threw over his soul an exquisite feeling of musing melancholy. Here, while rapt in visionary pleasures, his eye was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a little island, that seemed just risen from the depths of the ocean, with all the freshness and bloom of youth. It appeared like a new Eden, floating upon the waves. Orange, citron, and all the spicy growth of the East, flourished luxuriantly on its borders, that gracefully sloped down to the level of the sea; and as the breeze passed, lingering over the flowery meads and vocal groves, it gathered a thousand odors, and wafted the melody of a thousand birds.—Hamet gazed on this scene, over which the last rays of the sun threw a glorious lustre, with a pleasure that thrilled to his heart. He stretched forth his trembling hands to grasp the distant blessing, and exclaimed with youthful enthusiasm. "Happy, thrice happy, O! fair island! must be the shepherds that sport in thy green fields, and rest in thy spicy groves. The toil of ascending the rugged precipice, of pursuing their flocks over stinty rocks, and through briery dells, is unknown to them; for their path is over genial plains, enamelled with flowers, while mine"—as he said this, Hamet turned towards the rude and barren hills of his nativity, and contemplated them with increasing disgust.

He remained with his eyes rivetted towards the happy island, until it vanished in the mists of evening; and, when he could no longer discern a vestige of its

existence, he returned, disconsolate and miserable to the simple home of his parents.

Every day Hamet came and placed himself on the spot whence he had first caught a view of the little island, and there indulged his glowing fancy in a thousand dangerous and delusive reveries. As he contemplated its beautifully fringed borders, his horror of his native home, and his disgust for the sober enjoyments of real life increased every hour, and every night returned with his flocks diminished.

One morning, as he sat on the accustomed spot, musing, as usual, on the possibility of passing over to this delightful region, a little painted boat, gaily and fantastically decorated with flowers, floated towards him, and bounded ashore just at his foot. It was guided by a female of exquisite beauty. Her figure was so light and ethereal, that she seemed self balanced in the air. Her face was marked with an expression so singularly, yet so beautifully wild, and there was such an inexpressible grace in every motion, that the heart of the delighted and amazed youth was ravished with transport. In tones sweeter than echo, and more seducing than the voice of whispered love, she addressed him—"Hamet, I have seen and sympathised in thy regrets, and am come to relieve them. Follow me, and exchange this dull and dreary abode for one where nature and man are dressed in smiles of immortal beauty. All that thy imagination has painted of happiness shall be thine, and all that experience has shown thee of misery shall be excluded." Saying this, she extended her hand, and clasped that of the eager Hamet. At that touch a thrill of trembling transport darted through his frame, and struck at his heart. The sensation was like that of the youthful genius, when touched by the finger of Fancy; he feels the inspiration of the divinity, and pours forth a torrent of glowing thoughts, that secure him immortality.

The little painted boat carried the young adventurer and his guide with inconceivable swiftness, and in a few minutes they approached the island. The nearer they came, the more transcendent appeared its beau-

ties, and, when they arrived at the fringed border, a troop of nymphs, clothed in all the splendors of the rainbow, advanced to welcome Hamet, and chant the glories of their queen. They sung the praises of Fancy, and the happiness of those who live under her enchanting reign. "Here, in this chosen retreat, the pale form of Misery never disturbs the blissful dreams of the happy subjects of the empire of Imagination. Here, free from the inexorable tyranny of *dull* reality, they sport in flowery regions of every blooming beauty, while round their brows float airy forms of love and rapture. Here the sad soul, sated with sensual joys, or pressed down with a load of worldly cares, will find a refuge, where suffering is divested of its pangs, and joy comes to the soul unclogged with those attendants which, in the real world, turn it into all the bitterness of sorrow. Hither, O mortal! turn thy erring and doubtful steps, for here only wilt thou find that heaven which is fabled in the skies!" Hamet listened to this delusive rhapsody with breathless impatience, and falling at the feet of his conductor, thanked her for having at length brought him to a spot that realized all his anticipations.

Conducted by his charming guide, he wandered about through all the mazes of visionary enchantment, and his senses became bewildered in a tumult of delight. It seemed as if nature had selected this little region from the whole world, to display the charms, the wonders and the powers of her creative hand. The grass was greener and more luxuriant than was ever seen, and was softer than Persian silk. Groves of myrtle, orange and citron, whose branches inter-twined in social harmony, foliated the landscape, and the birds that sung in these delightful shades, were birds of Paradise, whose plumage and whose song are the delight of the immortals. Beautiful transparent streams meandered, in graceful curves, among the meadows, and with their low murmuring lulled the heart of Hamet, which was tumultuous with admiration, into a feeling of languid felicity, more luxurious than all his former sensations. The air too, possessed a seductive power,

whose balmy influence disposed the mind to reverie, and while it relaxed the body to a state of delicious lassitude, quickened the imagination into the most glowing conceptions. At length, having exhausted himself in wandering and admiring, Hamet laid himself down at the foot of a spreading tree, at whose root ran a little gurgling stream, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, he, for the first time since his abode in the happy island, felt a sensation of hunger; for though the imagination sometimes conquers our reason, it cannot overcome the wants of our nature. The visionary, who wastes his time in the indulgence of idle abstraction, and permits his fancy to transport him whither she pleases, will soon be brought to the sense of suffering reality, by some of those inevitable wants which are the common lot of humanity. Seeing the oranges waving luxuriantly above his head, Hamet stretched out his arm, and essayed to pluck one from its branch, but it eluded his grasp. He tried another, and a third; but still, as his hand approached, they vanished from his view. — In wonder and disappointment he contemplated the delusion, and, faint with hunger, laid himself down, to slake his thirst in the stream that murmured at his feet. As he approached his lips towards it, the waters retired, and though its murmurs still continued, the bottom became dry. A dire and horrible apprehension that his senses had been deluded now rushed over his mind, and the prospect of starving in the lap of seeming plenty, struck a cold damp upon his heart. In hopeless distraction he wandered through vocal groves and verdant valleys, in search of something to alleviate his wants; but wherever he came, the fruits eluded his grasp, and the waters vanished under his lips.

At length, faint, weary, and exhausted, he arrived at the spot where he first landed, and, sinking down to the ground, waited, in gloomy and hopeless resignation, the consummation of his fate. As his last hour approached, raising himself with a desperate effort, he beheld afar off the smoke of his native cottage curling above the blue hills, and presenting an image of peace.

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Continued by his charming public, he wandered about through all the streets of Vienna, maintaining, and he never became bored, that it was his duty to enlighten the people. It seemed as if he were a prophet, for the masses were indeed waiting for him.

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ful tranquillity. The thought of his youthful home, now forever forsaken—of his aged parents, now forever abandoned—of their tenderness in his boyhood, and their sorrow for his loss, came over his soul, and darkened it with gloomy horror.

The wretched being, who is suffering the penalty of his imprudence or his crimes, seldom places it to the charge of his own weakness or wickedness, but rails against the disastrous chance that allured, or the vile tempter that persuaded him to err. So Hamet; he cursed the airy and deceitful being that had seduced him to destruction, and, in the bitterness of unjust crimination, impiously dared to arraign the holy Prophet himself. In the midst of his complaints the figure that guided the little boat again appeared. She was still gay and beautiful, but to the eye of Hamet she seemed a deformed and malignant being. "Hamet," said she, "I, who listened to the complaints of thy erring and querulous spirit, when enjoying on yonder mountain, as high a state of happiness as is consistent with the nature of thy frail being, have heard the wailings of thy misery, and the reproaches of thy despair. Blame not, O wretched mortal! the decrees of the Most High, for thy own discontented spirit was thy ruin—nor load *me* with reproach, for thou voluntarily deliveredst thyself into my power. Hadst thou not murmured at thy situation, and slighted thy comforts, because thou thoughtest those of others greater, my spells would have had no power, and my influence could not have harmed thee. Know, Hamet, that there is no other happiness in this world than a *contented mind*, and no misery but a repining and discontented spirit." So saying, she vanished from his view; and when in the evening, the last rays of the setting sun vanished from the high hills of his youth, the spirit and the body of Hamet parted forever. —

SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

The writer was present at this ceremony; and certainly no spectacle could be more impressive, than the

one now exhibited. Valiant troops yielding up their arms after fighting in defence of a cause dear to them (because the cause of their country) under a leader, who, throughout the war, in every grade and in every situation to which he had been called, appeared the Hector of his host. Battle after battle had he fought ; climate after climate had he endured ; towns had yielded to his mandate ; posts were abandoned at his approach ; armies were conquered by his prowess ; one nearly exterminated, another chased from the confines of South Carolina beyond the Dan into Virginia, and a third severely chastised in that state on the shores of James river. But here, even he, in the midst of his splendid career found his conqueror.

The road through which they marched was lined with spectators, French and American. On one side the commander in chief, surrounded by his suite and the American staff, took his station ; on the other side, opposite to him was the Count de Rochambeau in like manner attended. The captive army approached moving slowly in column with grace and precision. Universal silence was observed amidst the vast concourse, and the utmost decency prevailed : exhibiting in demeanor an awful sense of the vicissitudes of human life, mingled with commiseration for the unhappy. The head of the column approached the commander in Chief — Gen. O'Hara, who led the British army, mistaking the circle, turned to that on his left, for the purpose of paying his respects to the commander in chief, and requesting further orders, when quickly discovering his error, with much embarrassment in his countenance, he flew across the road, and advancing up to Washington, asked pardon for his mistake, apologized for the absence of Lord Cornwallis, and begged to know his further pleasure. The General feeling his embarrassment, relieved it by referring him with much politeness to General Lincoln for his government. Returning to the head of the column, it again moved under the guidance of Lincoln, to the field selected for the conclusion of the ceremony.

Every eye was turned, searching for the British commander in chief, anxious to look at that man, heretofore so much the object of their dread. All were disappointed. Cornwallis held himself back from the humiliating scene : obeying sensations which his great character ought to have stifled. He had been unfortunate, not from any false step or deficiency of exertion on his part, but from the infatuated policy of his superior, and the united power of his enemy, brought to bear upon him alone : there was nothing with which he could reproach himself : there was nothing with which he could reproach his brave and faithful army ; why not then appear at its head in the day of misfortune, as he had always done in the day of triumph ? The British General in this instance deviated from his usual line of conduct, dimming the splendor of his long and brilliant career.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS.

CHARACTER OF GEN. WASHINGTON.

THIS great and good man died at his seat in the State of Virginia, upon the 15th day of December 1799, in the 68th year of his age, after an illness of only four-and-twenty hours. This illustrious General and Politician was characterized by such rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament, that every action of his life was equally exempted from vice and from weakness. The powers of his mind, and the dispositions of his heart, were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation.—His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious and practical.—His character had nothing in it to dazzle by its wildness, and surprize by eccentricity ; it was of a higher order of moral beauty ; it included every thing great and elevated, had no false and tinsel ornaments, and was incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, of opinions and times.

General Washington, placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulties at the commencement of the American contest, accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility.—His perseverance overcame every obstacle ; his moderation conciliated every opposition ; his genius supplied every resource ; his enlarged view could plan, revise and improve, every branch of civil and military operation ; he had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for

the Zuyderzec, where now in the vortex of so many enjoyments, the heart and the eye suffice not for the multitude of sensations, who knows if some traveller, like me, shall not one day sit on their silent ruins, and weep in solitude over the ashes of their people, and the memory of their greatness ?

CONFLAGRATION OF A COTTAGE.

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One morning, as he sat on the accustomed spot, musing, as usual, on the possibility of passing over to this delightful region, a little painted boat, gaily and fantastically decorated with flowers, floated towards him, and bounded ashore just at his foot. It was guided by a female of exquisite beauty. Her figure was so light and ethereal, that she seemed self balanced in the air. Her face was marked with an expression so singularly, yet so beautifully wild, and there was such an inexpressible grace in every motion, that the heart of the delighted and amazed youth was ravished with transport. In tones sweeter than echo, and more seducing than the voice of whispered love, she addressed him—"Hamet, I have seen and sympathised in thy regrets, and am come to relieve them. Follow me, and exchange this dull and dreary abode for one where nature and man are dressed in smiles of immortal beauty. All that thy imagination has painted of happiness shall be thine, and all that experience has shown thee of misery shall be excluded." Saying this, she extended her hand, and clasped that of the eager Hamet. At that touch a thrill of trembling transport darted through his frame, and struck at his heart. The sensation was like that of the youthful genius, when touched by the finger of Fancy; he feels the inspiration of the divinity, and pours forth a torrent of glowing thoughts, that secure him immortality.

The little painted boat carried the young adventurer and his guide with inconceivable swiftness, and in a few minutes they approached the island. The nearer they came, the more transcendent appeared its beau-

ties, and, when they arrived at the fringed border, a troop of nymphs, clothed in all the splendors of the rainbow, advanced to welcome Hamet, and chant the glories of their queen. They sung the praises of Fancy, and the happiness of those who live under her enchanting reign. "Here, in this chosen retreat, the pale form of Misery never disturbs the blissful dreams of the happy subjects of the empire of Imagination. Here, free from the inexorable tyranny of *dull* reality, they sport in flowery regions of every blooming beauty, while round their brows float airy forms of love and rapture. Here the sad soul, sated with sensual joys, or pressed down with a load of worldly cares, will find a refuge, where suffering is divested of its pangs, and joy comes to the soul unclogged with those attendants which, in the real world, turn it into all the bitterness of sorrow. Hither, O mortal! turn thy erring and doubtful steps, for here only wilt thou find that heaven which is fabled in the skies!" Hamet listened to this delusive rhapsody with breathless impatience, and falling at the feet of his conductor, thanked her for having at length brought him to a spot that realized all his anticipations.

Conducted by his charming guide, he wandered about through all the mazes of visionary enchantment, and his senses became bewildered in a tumult of delight. It seemed as if nature had selected this little region from the whole world, to display the charms, the wonders and the powers of her creative hand. The grass was greener and more luxuriant than was ever seen, and was softer than Persian silk. Groves of myrtle, orange and citron, whose branches inter-twined in social harmony, foliaged the landscape, and the birds that sung in these delightful shades, were birds of Paradise, whose plumage and whose song are the delight of the immortals. Beautiful transparent streams meandered, in graceful curves, among the meadows, and with their low murmuring lulled the heart of Hamet, which was tumultuous with admiration, into a feeling of languid felicity, more luxurious than all his former sensations. The air too, possessed a seductive power,

whose balmy influence disposed the mind to reverie, and while it relaxed the body to a state of delicious lassitude, quickened the imagination into the most glowing conceptions. At length, having exhausted himself in wandering and admiring, Hamet laid himself down at the foot of a spreading tree, at whose root ran a little gurgling stream, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, he, for the first time since his abode in the happy island, felt a sensation of hunger ; for though the imagination sometimes conquers our reason, it cannot overcome the wants of our nature. The visionary, who wastes his time in the indulgence of idle abstraction, and permits his fancy to transport him whither she pleases, will soon be brought to the sense of suffering reality, by some of those inevitable wants which are the common lot of humanity. Seeing the oranges waving luxuriantly above his head, Hamet stretched out his arm, and essayed to pluck one from its branch, but it eluded his grasp. He tried another, and a third ; but still, as his hand approached, they vanished from his view.— In wonder and disappointment he contemplated the delusion, and, faint with hunger, laid himself down, to slake his thirst in the stream that murmured at his feet. As he approached his lips towards it, the waters retired, and though its murmurs still continued, the bottom became dry. A dire and horrible apprehension that his senses had been deluded now rushed over his mind, and the prospect of starving in the lap of seeming plenty, struck a cold damp upon his heart. In hopeless distraction he wandered through vocal groves and verdant valleys, in search of something to alleviate his wants ; but wherever he came, the fruits eluded his grasp, and the waters vanished under his lips.

At length, faint, weary, and exhausted, he arrived at the spot where he first landed, and, sinking down to the ground, waited, in gloomy and hopeless resignation, the consummation of his fate. As his last hour approached, raising himself with a desperate effort, he beheld afar off the smoke of his native cottage curling above the blue hills, and presenting an image of peace.

ful tranquillity. The thought of his youthful home, now forever forsaken—of his aged parents, now forever abandoned—of their tenderness in his boyhood, and their sorrow for his loss, came over his soul, and darkened it with gloomy horror.

The wretched being, who is suffering the penalty of his imprudence or his crimes, seldom places it to the charge of his own weakness or wickedness, but rails against the disastrous chance that allured, or the vile tempter that persuaded him to err. So Hamet; he cursed the airy and deceitful being that had seduced him to destruction, and, in the bitterness of unjust crimination, impiously dared to arraign the holy Prophet himself. In the midst of his complaints the figure that guided the little boat again appeared. She was still gay and beautiful, but to the eye of Hamet she seemed a deformed and malignant being. "Hamet," said she, "I, who listened to the complaints of thy erring and querulous spirit, when enjoying on yonder mountain, as high a state of happiness as is consistent with the nature of thy frail being, have heard the wailings of thy misery, and the reproaches of thy despair. Blame not, O wretched mortal! the decrees of the Most High, for thy own discontented spirit was thy ruin—nor load *me* with reproach, for thou voluntarily deliveredst thyself into my power. Hadst thou not murmured at thy situation, and slighted thy comforts, because thou thoughtest those of others greater, my spells would have had no power, and my influence could not have harmed thee. Know, Hamet, that there is no other happiness in this world than a *contented mind*, and no misery but a repining and discontented spirit." So saying, she vanished from his view; and when in the evening, the last rays of the setting sun vanished from the high hills of his youth, the spirit and the body of Hamet parted forever. —

SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

The writer was present at this ceremony; and certainly no spectacle could be more impressive, than the

one now exhibited. Valiant troops yielding up their arms after fighting in defence of a cause dear to them (because the cause of their country) under a leader, who, throughout the war, in every grade and in every situation to which he had been called, appeared the Hector of his host. Battle after battle had he fought ; climate after climate had he endured ; towns had yielded to his mandate ; posts were abandoned at his approach ; armies were conquered by his prowess ; one nearly exterminated, another chased from the confines of South Carolina beyond the Dan into Virginia, and a third severely chastised in that state on the shores of James river. But here, even he, in the midst of his splendid career found his conqueror.

The road through which they marched was lined with spectators, French and American. On one side the commander in chief, surrounded by his suite and the American staff, took his station ; on the other side, opposite to him was the Count de Rochambeau in like manner attended. The captive army approached moving slowly in column with grace and precision. Universal silence was observed amidst the vast concourse, and the utmost decency prevailed : exhibiting in demeanor an awful sense of the vicissitudes of human life, mingled with commiseration for the unhappy. The head of the column approached the commander in Chief — Gen. O'Hara, who led the British army, mistaking the circle, turned to that on his left, for the purpose of paying his respects to the commander in chief, and requesting further orders, when quickly discovering his error, with much embarrassment in his countenance, he flew across the road, and advancing up to Washington, asked pardon for his mistake, apologized for the absence of Lord Cornwallis, and begged to know his further pleasure. The General feeling his embarrassment, relieved it by referring him with much politeness to General Lincoln for his government. Returning to the head of the column, it again moved under the guidance of Lincoln, to the field selected for the conclusion of the ceremony.

Every eye was turned, searching for the British commander in chief, anxious to look at that man, heretofore so much the object of their dread. All were disappointed. Cornwallis held himself back from the humiliating scene : obeying sensations which his great character ought to have stifled. He had been unfortunate, not from any false step or deficiency of exertion on his part, but from the infatuated policy of his superior, and the united power of his enemy, brought to bear upon him alone : there was nothing with which he could reproach himself : there was nothing with which he could reproach his brave and faithful army ; why not then appear at its head in the day of misfortune, as he had always done in the day of triumph ? The British General in this instance deviated from his usual line of conduct, dimming the splendor of his long and brilliant career.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS.

CHARACTER OF GEN. WASHINGTON.

THIS great and good man died at his seat in the State of Virginia, upon the 15th day of December 1799, in the 68th year of his age, after an illness of only four-and-twenty hours. This illustrious General and Politician was characterized by such rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament, that every action of his life was equally exempted from vice and from weakness. The powers of his mind, and the dispositions of his heart, were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation.—His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious and practical.—His character had nothing in it to dazzle by its wildness, and surprize by eccentricity ; it was of a higher order of moral beauty ; it included every thing great and elevated, had no false and tinsel ornaments, and was incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, of opinions and times.

General Washington, placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulties at the commencement of the American contest, accepted that situation which was pre-eminent in danger and responsibility.—His perseverance overcame every obstacle ; his moderation conciliated every opposition ; his genius supplied every resource ; his enlarged view could plan, revise and improve, every branch of civil and military operation ; he had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for

the moment of victory ; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. His prudent firmness in the most arduous moments of the great struggle, proved the salvation of the cause which he supported. His conduct was on all occasions guided by the most pure disinterestedness. He ever acted as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spring. He performed great actions, he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and in the success of his patriotic efforts.—As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiassed choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominions of an infant Republic. Voluntarily resigning the magistracy, which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the state he had contributed to establish, the fruits of his wisdom, and the example of his virtues. It is some consolation, amid so many instances of violent ambition, and the criminal thirst of power, to find a character whom it is honorable to admire and virtuous to imitate. A Conqueror for the freedom of his country !—A Legislator, for its security ! A Magistrate, for its happiness ! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from their corresponding vices. His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington will be transmitted to posterity, and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished.

CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

It is with really great men as with great literary works, the excellence of both is best tested by the

extent and durableness of their impression. The public has not suddenly, but after an experience of five-and-twenty years, taken the impression of the just celebrity of Alexander Hamilton, that nothing but his extraordinary intrinsic merit could have made, and still less, could have made so deep and maintained so long. In this case it is safe and correct to judge by effects: we sometimes calculate the height of a mountain, by measuring the length of its shadow.

That writer would deserve the fame of a public benefactor, who could exhibit the character of Hamilton, with the truth and force that all who intimately knew him conceived it:—his example would then take the same ascendant, as his talents. The portrait alone, however, exquisitely finished, could not inspire genius where it is not; but, if the world should again have possession of so rare a gift, it might awaken it where it sleeps, as by a spark from heaven's own altar; for, surely, if there is any thing like divinity in man, it is in his admiration of virtue.

Men of the most elevated minds have not always the readiest discernment of character. Perhaps he was sometimes too sudden and too lavish in bestowing his confidence: his manly spirit, disdaining artifice, suspected none. But, while the power of his friends over him seemed to have no limits, and really had none, in respect to those things which were of a nature to be yielded, no man, not the Roman Cato himself, was more inflexible on every point that touched, or only seemed to touch, integrity and honor.—With him, it was not enough to be unsuspected; his bosom would have glowed, like a furnace, at its own whispers of reproach. Mere purity would have seemed to him below praise; and such were his habits, and such his nature, that the pecuniary temptations, which many others can only with great exertion and self-denial resist, had no attractions for him. He was very far from obstinate; yet as his friends assailed his opinions with less profound thought than he had devoted to them, they were seldom shaken by discussion. He defended them, however, with as much mildness as force,

and evinced, that, if he did not yield, it was not for want of gentleness or modesty.

The tears that flow on this fond recital, will never dry up. My heart, penetrated with the fond remembrance of the man, grows liquid as I write, and I could pour it out like water. I could weep too for my country, which mournful as it is, does not know half of its loss. It deeply laments, when it turns its eyes back, and sees what Hamilton *was*;—but my soul stiffens with despair, when I think what Hamilton *would have been*.

His social affections and his private virtues are not so properly the object of public attention, as the conspicuous and commanding qualities that gave him his fame and influence in the world.

His early life we pass over; though his heroic spirit, in the army, has furnished a theme, that is dear to patriotism, and will be sacred to glory.

As a lawyer, his comprehensive genius reached the principles of his profession: he compassed its extent, he fathomed its profound, perhaps, even more familiarly and easily, than the ordinary rules of its practice. With most men law is a trade; with him it was a science.

As a statesman, he was not more distinguished by the great extent of his views, than by the caution with which he provided against impediments, and the watchfulness of his care over right, and the liberty of the subject. In none of the revenue bills which he framed, though committees reported them, is there to be found a single clause that savors of despotic power; not one that the sagest champions of law and liberty would, on that ground, hesitate to approve and adopt.

It is rare, that a man, who owes so much to nature, descends to seek more from industry; but he seemed to depend on industry as if nature had done nothing for him. His habits of investigation were very remarkable; his mind seemed to cling to his subject, till he had exhausted it. Hence the uncommon superiority of his reasoning powers, a superiority that

seemed to be augmented from every source, and to be fortified by every auxiliary, learning, taste, wit, imagination, and eloquence. These were embellished and enforced by his temper and manners, by his fame and his virtues.

It is difficult in the midst of such various excellence, to say, in what particular the effect of his greatness was most manifest. No man more promptly discerned truth ; no man more clearly displayed it : it was not merely made visible—it seemed to come bright with illumination from his lips. But prompt and clear as he was, fervid as Demosthenes, like Cicero full of resource, he was not less remarkable for the copiousness and completeness of his argument, that left little for cavil, and nothing for doubt. Some men take their strongest argument as a weapon, and use no other ; but he left nothing to be inquired for more—nothing to be answered. He not only disarmed his adversaries of their pretexts and objections, but he stripped them of all excuse for having urged them ; he confounded and subdued as well as convinced.—He indemnified them, however, by making his discussion a complete map of his subject ; so that his opponents might, indeed feel ashamed of their mistakes, but they could not repeat them. In fact, it was no common effort that could preserve a really able antagonist from becoming his convert ; for the truth, which his researches so distinctly presented to the understanding of others, was rendered almost irresistibly commanding and impressive by the love and reverence, which, it was ever apparent, he profoundly cherished for it in his own.

The only ordinary distinction to which he aspired, was military ; and for that, in the event of a foreign war, he would have been solicitous. He undoubtedly discovered the predominance of a soldier's feelings, and all that is honor in the character of a soldier, was at home in his heart. His early education was in the camp ; there the first fervors of his genius were poured forth, and his earliest and most cordial friendships formed ; there he became enamored of glory and was admitted to her embrace.

Those who knew him best, and especially in the army, will believe, that if occasions had called him forth, he was qualified, beyond any man of the age, to display the talents of a great general.

The most substantial glory of a country, is in its virtuous great men : its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their examples ; and that nation is fated to ignominy and servitude, for which such men have lived in vain.

CHARACTER OF FISHER AMES.

This gentleman possessed a mind of high order, in some particulars of the highest, and a just claim to be classed with the men of genius, that quality which it is so much more easy to discern than to define ; that quality, without which, judgment is cold and knowledge inert ; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates. We observe in Mr. Ames a liberal portion of all the faculties and qualities that enter into this character, understanding, memory, imagination, invention, sensibility, ardor.

As a speaker and as a writer he had the power to enlighten and persuade, to move, to please, to charm, to astonish. He united those decorations that belong to fine talents, to that penetration and judgment that designate an acute and solid mind. He had the ability of investigation, and, where it was necessary, did investigate with patient attention, going through a series of observation and deduction, and tracing the links which connect one truth with another. When the result of his researches was exhibited in discourse, the steps of a logical process were in some measure concealed by the coloring of rhetoric. Minute calculations and dry details were employments, however, the least adapted to his peculiar construction of mind. It was easy and delightful for him to illustrate by a picture, but painful and laborious to prove by a diagram. It was the prerogative of his mind to discern by a glance, so rapid as to seem intuition, those truths which

common capacities struggle hard to apprehend ; and it was the part of his eloquence to display, expand, and enforce them.

His imagination was a distinguishing feature of his mind. Prolific, grand, sportive, original, it gave him the command of nature and art, and enabled him to vary the disposition and the dress of his ideas without end. Now it assembled most pleasing images, adorned with all that is soft and beautiful ; and now rose in the storm, wielding the elements and flashing with the most awful splendors.

Very few men have produced more original combinations. He presented resemblances and contrasts which none saw before, but all admitted to be just and striking. In delicate and powerful wit he was pre-eminent. He did not systematically study the exterior graces of speaking, but his attitude was erect and easy, his gestures manly and forcible, his intonations varied and expressive, his articulation distinct, and his whole manner animated and natural. His written compositions, it will be perceived, have that glow and vivacity which belonged to his speeches.

All the other efforts of his mind, however, were probably exceeded by his powers in conversation. He appeared among his friends with an illuminated face, and with peculiar amenity and captivating kindness, displayed all the playful felicity of his wit, the force of his intellect, and the fertility of his imagination. In his manners he was easy, affable, cordial, inviting confidence, yet inspiring respect. He had that refined spirit of society, which observes the forms of a real, but not studied politeness, and paid a most delicate regard to the propriety of conversation and behavior.

In public speaking, he trusted much to excitement, and did little more in his closet than draw the outlines of his speech and reflect on it, till he had received deeply the impressions he intended to make ; depending for the turns and figures of language, illustrations and modes of appeal to the passions, on his imagination and feelings at the time. This excitement continued, when the cause had ceased to operate. After

debate his mind was agitated, like the ocean after a storm, and his nerves were like the shrouds of a ship, torn by the tempest.

He brought his mind much in contact with the minds of others, ever pleased to converse on subjects of public interest, and seizing every hint that might be useful to him in writing for the instruction of his fellow-citizens. He justly thought that persons below him in capacity might have good ideas, which he might employ in the correction and improvement of his own. His attention was always awake to grasp the materials that came to him from every source. A constant labor was going on in his mind.

It is happy for mankind, when those who engage admiration deserve esteem; for vice and folly derive a pernicious influence from an alliance with qualities that naturally command applause. In the character of Mr. Ames, the circle of the virtues seemed to be complete, and each virtue in its proper place.

The exercise of his talents and accomplishments was guided and exalted by a sublime morality and the spirit of rational piety, was modelled by much good taste, and prompted by an ardent heart.

The objects of religion presented themselves with a strong interest to his mind. The relation of the world to its author, and of this life to a retributory scene in another, could not be contemplated by him without the greatest solemnity. The religious sense was, in his view, essential in the constitution of man. He placed a full reliance on the divine origin of christianity. If there was ever a time in his life, when the light of revelation shone dimly upon his understanding, he did not rashly close his mind against clearer vision; for he was more fearful of mistakes to the disadvantage of a system, which he saw to be excellent and benign, than of prepossessions in its favor. He felt it his duty and interest to inquire, and discovered on the side of faith a fulness of evidence little short of demonstration. In regard to articles of belief, his conviction was confined to those leading principles, about which christians have little diversity of opinion. Subtle

questions of theology, from various causes often agitated, but never determined, he neither pretended nor desired to investigate, satisfied that they related to points uncertain or unimportant : but he loved to view religion on the practical side, as designed to operate by a few simple and grand truths on the affections, actions and habits of men.

CHARACTER OF JOHN MARSHAL.

The Chief Justice of the United States, is in his person, tall, meagre, emaciated; his muscles relaxed, and his joints so loosely connected, as not only to disqualify him, apparently, for any vigorous exertion of body, but to destroy every thing like elegance and harmony in his air and movement. Indeed in his whole appearance, and demeanor; dress, attitude, gesture; sitting, standing, or walking; he is as far removed from the idolized graces of Lord Chesterfield, as any other gentleman on earth. To continue the portrait—his head and face are small in proportion to his height; his complexion swarthy; the muscles of his face, being relaxed, give him the appearance of a man of fifty years of age, nor can he be much younger; his countenance has a faithful expression of great good humor and hilarity; while his black eyes, that unerring index, possess an irradiating spirit, which proclaims the imperial powers of the mind that sits enthroned within.

This extraordinary man, without the aid of fancy, without the advantages of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world; if eloquence may be said to consist in the power of seizing the attention with irresistible force, and never permitting it to elude the grasp, until the hearer has received the conviction which the speaker intends. As to his person, it has already been described. His voice is dry and hard; his attitude, in his most effective orations, was often extremely awkward, as

it was not unusual for him to stand with his left foot in advance; while all his gesture proceeded from his right arm, and consisted merely in a vehement, perpendicular swing of it, from about the elevation of his head, to the bar behind which he was accustomed to stand. As to fancy, if she holds a seat in his mind at all, which is very much doubted, his gigantic genius tramples with disdain, on all her flower-decked plats and blooming parterres. How then, it will be asked with a look of incredulous curiosity, how is it possible, that such a man can hold the attention of an audience enchained, through a speech of even ordinary length? The explanation is easy.

He possesses one original, and, almost supernatural faculty: the faculty of developing a subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting at once, the very point on which every controversy depends. No matter what the question; though ten times more knotty than "the gnarled oak," the lightning of heaven is not more rapid, not more resistless, than his astonishing penetration. Nor does the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort. On the contrary it is as easy as vision. I am persuaded that his eyes cannot fly over a landscape, and take in its various objects with more promptitude and facility, than his mind embraces and analyzes the most complex subject.— Possessing this intellectual elevation, which enables him to look down and comprehend the whole ground at once, he determines immediately, and without difficulty, on which side the question may be most advantageously approached and assailed. In a bad cause his art consists in laying his premises so remotely from the point directly in debate, or else in terms so general and so specious, that the hearer, seeing no consequence which can be drawn from them, is just as willing to admit them as not; but, his premises once admitted, the demonstration, however distant, follows as certainly, as cogently, as inevitably, as any demonstration in Euclid. All his eloquence consists in the apparently deep self conviction, and emphatic earnestness of his manner; the correspon-

dent simplicity and energy of his style ; the close and logical connection of his thoughts ; and the easy gradations by which he opens his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers. The audience are never permitted to pause for a moment. There is no stopping to weave garlands of flowers to hang in festoons around a favorite argument. On the contrary, every sentence is progressive—every idea sheds new lights on the subjects—the listener is kept perpetually in that sweetly pleasurable vibration, with which the mind of man always receives new truths—the dawn advances in easy but unremitting pace—the subject opens gradually on the view—until, rising, in high relief, in all its native colors and proportions, the argument is consummated, by the conviction of the delighted hearer.

The success of this gentleman, has rendered it doubtful with several literary characters in this country, whether a high fancy be of real use or advantage to any one but a poet. They contend, that although the most beautiful flights of the happiest fancy, interspersed through an argument, may give an audience the momentary delightful swell of admiration, the transient thrill of divinest rapture ; yet, that they produce no lasting effect in forwarding the purpose of the speaker : On the contrary, that they break the unity and disperse the force of an argument, which otherwise, advancing in close array, like the phalanx of Sparta, would carry every thing before it. They give an instance in the celebrated Curran ; and pretend that his fine fancy, although it fires, dissolves, and even transports his audience to a momentary frenzy, is a real and a fatal misfortune to his clients ; as it calls off the attention of the jurors from the intrinsic and essential merits of the defence ; eclipses the justice of the client's cause, in the blaze of the advocates talents ; induces a suspicion of the guilt which requires such a glorious display of refulgence to divert their inquiry ; and substitutes a fruitless short-lived ecstasy in the place of permanent and substantial conviction. Hence they say that the client of Mr. Curran

is invariably the victim of the prosecution, which that able and eloquent advocate is employed to resist.—The doctrine, in the abstract, may be true. It is to be feared however, that Mr. Curran's failures may be traced to a cause very different from any fault either in the style or execution of his enchanting defences.

To return to the Chief Justice of the United States. His adversaries allege that he is a mere lawyer; that his mind has been so long trammelled by judicial precedent, so long habituated to the quart and tierce of forensic digladiation, (as Doctor Johnson would probably have called it) as to be unequal to the discussion of a great question of state. Mr. Curran, in his defence of Rowan, seems, to have sanctioned the probability of such an effect from such a cause, when he complains of his own mind as having been massacred and circumscribed, by a strict and technical adherence to established forms: but in the next breath, an astonishing burst of the grandest thought, and a power of comprehension to which there seems to be no earthly limits, prove that his complaint, as it relates to himself, is entirely without foundation. Indeed, if the objection to the Chief Justice, mean any thing more than that he has not had the same illumination and exercise in matters of state, as if he had devoted his life to them, it cannot be admitted. The force of a cannon is the same, whether pointed at a rampart or a man of war, although practice may have made the engineer more expert in the one case than the other. So it is clear, that practice may give a man a greater command over one class of subjects than another; but the inherent energy of his mind remains the same, whithersoever it may be directed. From this impression there is not any cause to wonder at what is called a universal genius; it proves only that the man has applied a powerful mind to the consideration of a great variety of subjects, and pays a compliment rather to his superior industry, than his superior intellect. It is very certain that the gentleman of whom we are speaking, possesses the *acumen* which might constitute a universal genius;—according to

the usual acceptation of the phrase.—But if he be the truant which his warmest friends represent him to be, there is very little probability that he will ever reach this distinction.

CHARACTER OF JOSEPH DENNIE.

Our country will be insensible of its obligations, unless it number Mr. Dennie among its most meritorious citizens. Next; and next only to those distinguished beings to whom heaven has given capacity to lead a nation's arms to freedom, or guide her councils to happiness, may be safely ranked the few, who contribute to purify her morals and adorn her name by elegant literature. Their value is not always appreciated, because the gradual revolution they accomplish, may escape the eye of vulgar calculation, but their efficacy is not less certain, nor their utility less permanent.—In our own country, more especially, the avenues to political fame are so wide, the interest of public concerns so overwhelming, that they absorb, perhaps, too much of our attention. For the distinction they confer is momentary, the honors they bring are very precarious; and often after a few years of feverish notoriety, that man subsides into a mortified and sullen politician, whose talents, otherwise directed, might have yielded honorable distinction to himself, and permanent lustre to his country.

Mr. Dennie gave to the powers of his mind a far more useful application. The great purpose of all his exertions, the uniform pursuit of his life, was to disseminate among his countrymen a taste for elegant literature, to give to education and to letters their proper elevation in the public esteem, and reclaiming the youth of America from the low career of sordid interests, to fix stedfastly their ambition on objects of a more exalted character. In this honorable enterprise, he stood at first almost alone. But such is the power of a single mind in awakening the talents of a whole nation, so easily may the phantasm

rials of public opinion be moulded by the plastic hand of genius, that the establishment of his work may be considered as forming an era in the literary history of America.

His example had a magical power, not only over the circle who were influenced by attachment to his person, but on all who had the slightest tincture of learning. The attention of the people was excited by his brilliancy, the purest scholars of the country flocked to his standard, and the nation was seduced at once into the luxury of literature. This was the prominent object and the reward of his ambition, for no occasion was ever omitted to sustain our literary pretensions, and no man sought with more enthusiastic kindness the faintest glimmerings of American genius.—The first efforts of the timid were encouraged by an attractive gentleness, their errors corrected with mildness, and none were repelled by superciliousness or dogmatism. How successful were his endeavors to purify the taste, and improve the morals of his countrymen, how long and how largely he contributed to their instruction and amusement, need not be told by any who are familiar with American Society.

Of the individual himself, we may be permitted to speak with greater confidence. In the various acquirements which compose the character of a man of letters, Mr. Demie had unquestionably in this country, and few if any superiors in Europe. At a very early age, he abandoned the ordinary pursuits of life to offer his undivided devotion on the altar of literature. The love of letters was indeed, his darling passion, the light which had charmed his youth, which illuminated his manhood, which still threw its mellow and wavering beam on the sickness and sorrow even of his dying hour. In the indulgence of this enthusiasm he had been a most laborious student, he had read every thing on every subject, so that if the rigidly exact sciences be excepted, there was scarcely a topic of human knowledge with which he was not familiar. But he delighted most in the moral

studies, in those inquiries which, diversified by a thousand hues, conduct us to the knowledge of man, of his history, his nature and his habits, the most splendid periods of his existence, the highest exertions of his intellect. These were the favorite studies to which he abandoned all his genius. He had ranged, indeed, with an excursive step over the entire field of literature ; but he loved most to linger by those enchanting spots which the highest culture had embellished, and to gather from their exuberance the choicest flowers.

So pure, indeed, was its texture, so delicate its conceptions, that his mind seemed, if we may speak so, to have been bathed at its birth in the very essence of literature, to be daily fed with the celestial dews of learning. The stores which his unwearied diligence had thus collected, were retained by a memory of extraordinary vigor, and animated by an ardent and almost oriental imagination. Such was the discipline to which his extensive acquirements had been subjected, so obedient to his will the powers of his mind, that we have never listened with so much fascination to the colloquial powers of any other individual. Abounding in felicity of expression, and a singular aptness of quotation, decorated with every ornament that did not border on gaudiness, it possessed a copiousness and elegance, and had about it a captivating originality which we have never seen before united.

His written style was but the transcript of his conversation. It was marked by the same attractive grace, the same affluence and even luxuriance, which, if it be considered as sometimes above its subject, erred only by its elegance, like some spotless virgin, who, whether in the splendor of society, or the humble cares of the household was always attired with fastidious delicacy. Of his works it would be superfluous now to speak, since they will shortly be collected by his friends, and must then vindicate their own pretensions. It was however, his own, and the public misfortune, that his literary exertions were, for the most part, occasional

and desultory, that his mind had never yet been seen in all its development, or occupied the high and ample space which its natural expansion would justify it in assuming. His works are therefore rather the promise of what he more seriously meditated, and what but for his premature loss, he would not have failed to accomplish. Yet, even imperfect as they now remain, they bear honorable testimony to his genius, and will always form a valuable addition to the literature of America, they will at least attest his sincere devotion to the great cause of religion and morals, and learning, which all his writings assisted to defend and disseminate.

But his literary attainments, however distinguished, his works however honorable, were only subordinate parts of his estimable character. The most exalted powers are not always united with the kindest tempers, and the flame of genius is too often discolored by malignity. But in his harmonious composition the highest brilliancy of understanding was seen unshaded through the most transparent purity of heart. The fondness of friendship here hesitates with distrust of its own partiality. Yet on those who have enjoyed an intimacy with departed worth, there seems to devolve with the peculiar power, a peculiar duty to declare its value.

We will not, therefore, so far wrong ourselves, or the memory of him whom we love to honor, as to suppress the conviction that it was never our lot to know a being more emphatically pure and amiable.—Far from impairing his natural goodness, the embellishments of education served only to give it a bolder relief, and a more striking contrast. With all its rich variety of ornament, its festooned columns, its Asiatic magnificence, the inner temple of the heart, was of the most chaste and Doric simplicity. There was indeed in his character, something quite new and original to our experience. It was not the simplicity of Goldsmith, nor the artlessness of Lafontaine. It was more amiable than either, it was the natural excellence of a heart occupied only with the honorable feelings

of our nature, and shrinking intuitively from all the avenues by which the sordid passions might approach him. In the midst of the world, he did not seem to live so much in it, as about it, in his own abstract and unmingled sphere of goodness. Yet he was not negligent of his duties to society. In circumstances never beyond mediocrity, he gave with a generous disregard of himself to all who needed his bounty ; in his least prosperous hour, he never withheld the liberal, though limited charity, and even the few to whom retaliation would have been injury, received only kindness and oblivion.

A man of letters by profession, he was totally free from literary jealousy ; but, severe only to himself, and apparently unconscious of his own superiority, he gave to every one the fullest measure of applause.— On his own high and scrupulous honor, his life was a practical commentary. His religious convictions were steadfast and uniform. His faith equally removed from intolerance and levity, was of that amiable cast, which renders religion the guide of prosperity, and the solace of misfortune, and on his own death he derived from it those consolations, which his writings have so often taught they were capable of imparting. To his private virtues let those who have long known him, let that wide circle of whom he was the delight and the ornament, bear testimony. So full of urbanity and gentleness were his manners, so amiable his deportment, that none could approach without loving a man from whom there never escaped an unkind expression, who, in his graver mood, was an instructive friend ; and in his social hours, a most gay, and captivating companion. However, therefore, his writings may be received by the world, or with whatever harshness its colder eye may regard the weaknesses incident to his nature, there are many who will long see with affectionate regret, the tomb which encloses a being once distinguished by all that can endear our sympathies, or excite our admiration.

NOTICE OF PATRICK HENRY.

This gentleman was an orator of nature ; from the memory of whose talents, this tribute of respect to which they are so justly entitled, should not be withheld. His general appearance and manners were those of a plain farmer, a planter of the back country ; and in this character, he always entered on the exordium of an oration ; disqualifying himself, with looks and expressions of humility, so lowly and unassuming, as threw every heart off its guard, and induced his audience to listen to him, with the same easy openness with which they would converse with an honest neighbor : but by and by, when it was little expected, he would take a flight so high, and blaze with a splendor so heavenly, as filled them with a kind of religious awe, and gave him the force and authority of a prophet. This was the manner of Ulysses ; commencing with a depressed look, and hesitating voice : but it is presumed that Mr. Henry was directed to it, not by that example, of which it is very probable that at the commencement of his career, at least, he was entirely ignorant ; but either that it was the genuine trembling diffidence, without which, if Cicero may be believed, a great orator never rises ; or else that he was prompted to it by his own sound judgment and his intimate knowledge of the human heart. I have seen the skeletons of some of his orations. The periods, and their members, are short, quick, eager, palpitating, and are manifestly the extemporaneous effusions of a mind deeply convicted, and a heart inflamed with zeal for the propagation of those convictions. They afford, however, a very inadequate sample of his talents ; the stenographer having never attempted to follow him, when he arose in the strength and awful majesty of his genius.

NOTICE OF SIR ROBERT BOYLE.

It is indeed a most agreeable relief to my mind to turn from the stately and dazzling rhapsodies of the

day, and converse with this plain and sensible old gentleman. To me his style is gratifying on many accounts ; and there is this advantage in him, that instead of having three or four ideas rolled over and over again, like the fantastic evolutions and ever changing shapes of the sun embroidered cloud, you gain new materials, new information at every breath. In point of ornament he is the first grade in the mighty chasm (through the whole of which the gradations may be distinctly traced) between Bacon and Burke. He exhibits no redundancy ; has about him a perfectly patriarchal simplicity, and every period is pregnant with matter. He not only investigates all the subjects which are calculated to try the clearness, the force and comprehension of the human intellect : he introduces others, also, in handling whereof, he shews the masterly powers with which he could touch the keys of the heart, and awaken all the tones of sensibility which belong to man. Surely if ever a human being deserved to be canonized for great, unclouded intelligence, and seraphic purity, and ecstasy of soul, that being was Sir Robert Boyle. When I reflect that this "pure intelligence, this link between men and angels," was a christian, and look around upon the petty infidels and deists with which the world swarms, I am lost in amazement ! Have they seen arguments against religion which were not presented to Robert Boyle ? His religious works shew that they have not. Are their judgments better able to weigh those arguments than his was ? They have not the vanity even to believe it. Is the beam of their judgment more steady and less liable to be disturbed by passion than his ? O ! no ;—for in this he seems to have excelled all mankind. Are their minds more elevated and more capable of comprehending the whole of this great subject with all its connections and dependencies, than was the mind of Sir Robert ? Look at the men—and the question is answered. How then does it happen that they have been conducted to a conclusion, so perfectly the reverse of his ; it is for this very reason ; because their judgments are less

from the influence and raised above the mists of passion ; it is because their minds are less ethereal and comprehensive ; less capable than his was, " to look through nature up to nature's God." And let them hug their precious, barren, hopeless infidelity : they are welcome to the horrible embrace ! May we, my friend, never lose the rich and inexhaustible comforts of religion.

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT.

Mr. Pitt still rises with an ease, composure and assurance, indicative of former influence, while the house, conscious of his presence, are disposed to give him all that attention as a member, which he once commanded as a minister ; and though he is at present, a fallen statesman, he sustains a character none the less ascendant as a man ; so that his enemies are not willing to approach nigher plain Mr. Pitt, than they did the once arbiter of the kingdom.

The station which Mr. Pitt has supported so long, has given his eloquence a peculiar turn, and even rendered his character ostensibly cold, hard, and bordering on dry inhumanity. The political calculator, always in search of expedients, from habit regards mankind mechanically, and sooner or later becomes impenetrable to the first dictates of nature, and sublimely overlooks every obstacle which might impede his course. Mr. Pitt's eloquence discovers a frigid, palliating, defensive, yet positive, character. It has ever been sufficient for him to maintain his ground : not to be driven from his post has been to gain the victory. At this day, he addresses the speaker as though the conflict was still between himself and his great antagonist, Fox, while Addington is forgotten, and forgets, that he is minister.

Had Mr. Pitt labored his days in the opposition, he would have discovered himself a much greater orator, and a much nobler man. Ever on the defensive, he has naturally fallen into a confined uniformity, which

has seldom permitted him to take excursion beyond the tedious business of office ; at the same time, the system of government, forcing the current of business to mingle itself with the sighs, tears, and groans of the nation, has rendered him officially obnoxious to the people, and afforded his parliamentary enemies the fairest pretences of attack. Once, indeed, Mr. Pitt found himself on the side of humanity, and shone conspicuously among Fox, Burke, Wilberforce, and others. But singular as it may appear, he that once found himself in a minority. I speak of the famous motion of Wilberforce for the abolition of the slave trade.

Under these circumstances, the members of the opposition have every advantage, not only of popular respect, but of humanity, and consequently of oratory ; for true eloquence must be bottomed on the honest feelings of nature. But a prime minister has already closed every pore to the glow of humanity, before he ventures to open the budget. Hence, he is cut off from the most fruitful source of eloquence.—No appeal to the passions, no earnest supplication, no sympathy with distress, no palpitation of the heart, render him dear to the people, and soften his exactions. He comes into the house, impelled by inexorable necessity, and boldly exposes himself to the whole artillery of the opposition, knowing the final result of the question. But all this confidence in his numbers does not suffer him to remit the severest exercise of his own powers, in order to give, at least, plausibility to his most suspicious measures. Hence, it may be easily imagined that, before any important step is taken, the treasury bench have already been summoned to weigh every difficulty, which the opposition might possibly raise. Thus, such men as Fox, Sheridan, Grey, have the honor of being answered twice. But Fox is so various, rapid, and overwhelming, that he frequently poses the whole ministry, who, long since ripe for the question, are happy to be released by the last resort of the minister—I mean his majority.

Mr. Pitt is the most cool, perspicuous, dignified, and fluent speaker, who ever rose in a deliberative as-

sembly. The moment he is expected, a solemn stillness pervades the house, and while his presence is felt, his adversaries lose all their influence. His manner is gentle and unassuming; his gestures, moderate and conciliatory; his voice, musical, clear, and distinct; his words, most happily selected, without the least appearance of selection, flow in an unruffled, uniform stream, always sufficiently rapid to interest, and frequently to command attention. With these advantages, he opens upon the house a mind veteran in politics, and as extensive as the various relations of the empire. Nor is he deficient, though sparing, of the illustrations of modern science, and the embellishments of ancient literature. With a mind thus adorned by nature, thus disciplined by art, and habitually cool and determined, no wonder he discovers, on all occasions, a reach far beyond the attainment of ordinary men. A mighty kingdom he still seems to support, nor does he sink under the weight, while the fallen statesman is yet willing to hazard his former immense responsibility. Doubtless, no mortal, in a British house of commons, could support such a weight of character, unless his preeminent abilities had first given him a necessary weight, and then that weight of character had again seconded his abilities.

CHARACTER OF EDMUND BURKE.

Mr. Burke is dead. He is beyond the reach of public regard and hatred; and those who persecuted, and those who loved him, may weep alike for the loss of a victim, and a friend.

He was for so many years engaged in public life; so long the most conspicuous and interesting figure; that with respect to him every mode of description has been exhausted; every talent viewed in every light; every virtue either lavished or withheld; and so universally, though variously, did he touch the passions of mankind, that all who spoke of him, or heard of him, became parties in the decision upon his charac-

ter, and entertained a host of adverse or partial feelings, enemies at once to truth, and evidences to the magnitude of the subject.

His private qualities, as an acquaintance, a companion, and a friend, are said to have been most useful, gratifying, and endearing. His manners, like his wit, were ever playful. The naked charms of virtue and of truth, received innumerable and unstudied ornaments, from a conversation pure in all its vivacity, though unconscious of its influence over every description of hearers, who had taste or dispositions to be delighted or improved.

The genius of Mr. Burke was full of splendor : it was the reflection of lights from every quarter of the material and intellectual universe. His eyes shot through the depths of science, and ascertained the wanderings, or enlarged the limits of conjecture. His fancy rich and bright, infinite in its variety, and intoxicating with its beauty, furnished copious and striking images, to illustrate and familiarize the operations of a reasoning power, otherwise too profound for common apprehension. His eloquence, convincing, persuasive, terrible when it assaulted, irresistible when it soothed, dignified in its rapidity, polished in its vehemence, diffuse, without being languid, concise, on occasion, without being obscure, never failed to agitate the fiercer, or to interest the milder passions. A spirit of divine morality breathed through him ;—and however our opinions may differ upon the actual effects of his words and writings, it is no great exercise of candor to suppose that his intentions were pure: His immense stores of knowledge, were in general, drawn forth, to promote, or to resist some practical object, and he forced upon us the necessity of appreciating all human intelligence, by the good or evil to which it is directed. The sensibility of his heart was exquisite, and ever alive ; more rapid than the flights of his imagination—infinitely too rapid, and at times, perhaps, too strong for his reason, it often turned against the latter, the strength it occasionally received from both. Always engaged in the contemplation of mighty objects, he knew, that although

his objects were mighty, his instruments must be men. In order to make the constitution what he could approve, and the empire what he wished, he united with a parliamentary party, which appeared the most respectable and effectual means of accomplishing these ends ; but in attempting to render party his instrument, he became himself, for a time, the instrument of party ; and his dereliction of that system, upon the new turn of affairs in Europe, (the act of his life which has been the most unpopular) ought to vindicate his principles, though the consequences of it may arraign his judgment.

In our imperfect nature the superiority of one man to another is no more than a partial superiority.—One towering faculty, in the composition of an individual, bears down and casts a shade upon the rest ;—in conduct it obstructs their use, as in comparison it extinguishes their lustre. Mr. Burke's miscarriages in the world of politics, though not proportioned to the grandeur of his undertakings, have been more than proportioned to those incurred by ordinary men, in the ordinary level of human character. His fertile mind nourished every subject on which he thought, into a vast creation, multiform, rich in realities, in images and in conjectures ; much of it fluctuating and fugitive, complex in its materials, boundless in its dimensions, and new to its author. More secure, but far less elevated, their lot, in whom there is little of invention to suggest, and nothing of imagination to delude ; whose ideas do not multiply into clogs upon their judgment, but leave it through an empty region, a free and inglorious path ! Where these, and such men as these, have to manage only their respective atoms, Mr. Burke, in his luxuriance, had to wield a universe—and to say that he failed, is to say that he was not a God.

Some weeds of prejudice sprung up with his opinions ; a mist of superstition hung over him, which obscured important truths, and raised a multitude of illusory forms ; his fancy associated other subjects with these ; and his zeal committed them, so infected to the world. The rest of mankind saw truth and

falsehood in colors less strong than Mr. Burke, though perhaps more minutely accurate. All those whose cold and shallow mediocrity was incapable either of sympathizing with his sensibilities, or of fathoming his deductions, made his greatness a reproach to him, and ridiculed his intellect for being superior to their own. Some philosophers, also of that malignant school which affects the absence of feeling to disguise its perversion, joined in a league of abusive controversy ; and madness and despotism were common themes of invective, against one of the wisest and the best of men.

Upon the whole, we must impute to Mr. Burke, some of the evils we have suffered, but posterity may reap unmixed advantage from his works. He combined the greatest talents of the greatest men, and his judgment was overmatched, not by the abilities of others but by his own. Had he lived in the most despicable age, his genius would have exalted it ;—had he lived in the most tranquil age, his conduct might have disturbed it. He has left a space that will not soon be filled. He described a grand but irregular course ;—his meridian was more tolerable than his descending ray ; but the heat with which he scorched us will soon be no longer felt, while the light which he diffused will shine upon us forever.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES J. FOX.

Mr. Fox united, in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from parade and dogmatism, as to be not only, unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from ex-

cluding that perfect urbanity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. His conversation, when it was not repressed by modesty or indolence, was delightful. The pleasantry, perhaps, of no man of wit had so unlabored an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe, whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which by the custom of England, is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasing, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *Vers de Societe*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed in his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages, of the west, those of the Greeks and the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never, willingly, took any part in it. To speak of him justly as an orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their *feelings and conviction*.—He certainly possessed, above

all moderns, that union of *reason, simplicity, and vehemence*, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes. "I knew him," says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference, "when he was nineteen ;—since which time he has risen by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debator that the world ever saw." The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good-nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no very unfit representative of that old English national character, which, if it ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardor of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. "I admired," says Mr. Gibbon, "the powers of a superior man as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child ; no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood." From these qualities of his public and private character, it probably arose, that no English statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents.—The union of ardor in public sentiment, with mildness in social manners, was, in Mr. Fox, an hereditary quality. The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere, is said to have belonged to his father ; and those who know the survivors of another generation, will feel that this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's character, than the words of Mr. Burke, who in January, 1797, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person honored with some degree of Mr. Fox's friendship, said, "*To be sure, he is a man made to be loved !*" and these emphatical words were

uttered with a fervor of manner which left no doubt of their heart-felt sincerity.

These few, hasty, and honest sentences are sketched in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox to profane it by intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day.— His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he has supported or opposed may divide the opinion of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men, by his liberal principles, favorable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilization of mankind;— by his ardent love for a country of which the well-being and greatness were indeed inseparable from his own glory, and by his profound reverence for that free constitution, which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal, and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.

CHARACTER OF JOHN P. CURRAN.

If it were worth while to combat the notion, that descent, that nobility, should alone be a passport to honor and virtue, the history of this man, would furnish the refutation. From no worm eaten statues, from no musty records of nobility, does he derive his title to honor, or his claim to reputation. He searched no Herald's office for the purpose of ascertaining the age of his tribe; he bribed no court favorite to revive some title which was extinct, in his favor. The star and garter with all those other gewgaws which amuse so many children in the shape of men, held out no temptation to him. Overlooking all such puerile and anile distinctions, he threw himself on the resources of his mind, resting his claim on the judgment of his cotemporaries and posterity.

To the unaccommodating spirit of the Spartan is joined, in him, the polish, the delicacy of Athenian manners. Now he reaches the point in debate by a few bold and nervous sentences, expressed with laconic vigor and epigrammatic spirit : now his words appear to move only to the melodious and measured cadences of Attic harmony. The Spartan economy, is forgotten, and an imagination, luxuriant beyond all account, is permitted to range as it were in despite of control and in derision of method, in all the sportiveness of mirth, and all the poignancy of satire.

The voice of this man happily corresponds with his genius ; easily, by its compass and flexibility, accommodating itself to the several passions which he wishes to convey. It is a clear medium by which he is enabled to transfuse his spirit into his hearers, and kindle in their hearts an enthusiasm in defence of liberty, which like the Greek fire, is never afterwards to be extinguished.

When his soul is inflamed with the frantic excesses of tyranny, the darkness on his brow gives notice of the tempest that is gathering : while the lightning in his eye, an unerring precursor, announces the thunder that is to follow. His invective is keen, is terrible, is desolating. The great lords of the court tremble on their benches, surrounded by guards and clad in purple and ermine ; whilst, like a minister of divine wrath, he denounces against them the vengeance of Heaven, and the curses of posterity. The spies of the Government have been known to faint under his examination, alleging that they were unable to bear the fire of his eloquence, and the torture of his interrogatories.

He is small of stature, and of a visage sallow and wan : but when he opens his lips, his personal defects vanish ; his stature reaches the clouds and he appears to be, alone, graceful and lovely in the creation. You are under a species of enchantment, similar to what Horace alludes to in his Art of Poetry, when the skillful dramatist transports you sometimes to Thebes and sometimes to Athens. Curran is indeed a magician who enchains the imaginations of his hearers, and the

spell is of such potency, that neither wisdom nor ignorance have any charm to resist it.

When he harangues in defence of the rights of mankind, the most bigotted are in love with liberty and virtue ; whilst with a master-hand he portrays the miseries of Ireland, not a dry eye is to be seen ;—the court is drowned in tears ; corrupt juries, packed and empannelled for the special purpose of condemnation, softened and touched by his eloquence, resign to him their victim ; the prison doors fly open at his approach ; the chains fall from the hands of the victims. He is the Angel of Mercy, whose lips, touched with fire, by the Almighty, whisper hope in the dungeon of despair, and speak deliverance to the captive.

But to form a correct estimate of this wonderful man, you must consider him, not merely as an orator, as a man distinguished only in a single walk or department of literature. Men in general have their fort or strong ground in which lies their peculiar excellence and strength. But this is not the case with him ; in every thing he is great, in every thing equal. He is, as it were, a centre in the circle of sciences, an attractive and luminous focus, on which rays are incessantly falling from all parts of the orb ; a profound mathematician ; a logician, acute, subtle, and persuasive ; a philosopher, elegantly speculative, and profoundly erudite ; a wit, sometimes lashing vice with the wrath and indignation of Juvenal, sometimes tittering at folly with the elegant and courtly irony of Flaccus ; a politician, clear-sighted, steady and incorruptible ; an orator, realizing and transcending the definition of Cicero.

CHARACTER OF LORD ELIZE.

Ah ! the tale is told ! The scene is ended, and the curtain falls ! As an emblem of the vanity of all earthly pomp, let his monument be a globe ; but be that globe a bubble ; let his effigy be a man walking round it in his sleep ;—and let Fame, in the character of shadow, inscribe his honors on the air.

I view him but as yesterday on the burning plains of Plassy; doubtful of life, of health, of victory;—I see him in the instant when "*to be or not to be,*" were equal chances to the human eye. To be a Lord or a slave—to return loaded with the spoils or remain mingled with the dust of India. Did necessity always justify the severity of a conqueror, the rude tongue of censure would be silent; and however painfully he might look back on scenes of horror, the pensive reflection would not alarm him. Though his feelings suffered, his conscience would be acquitted. The sad remembrance would move serenely, and leave the mind without a wound. But oh, India! thou loud proclaimer of European cruelties, thou bloody monument of unnecessary deaths, be tender in the day of inquiry, and show a christian world thou canst suffer and forgive!

Departed from India and loaded with the plunder, I see him doubling the Cape, and looking wishfully to Europe. I see him meditating on years of pleasure, and gratifying his ambition with expected honors. I see his arrival pompously announced in every newspaper, his eager eye rambling through the crowd in quest, of homage, and his ear listening lest an expression of applause should escape him. Happily for him he arrived before his *fame*; and the short interval was a time of rest. From the crowd I follow him to the court; I see him enveloped in the sunshine of sovereign favor, rivalling the great in honors, the proud in splendor, and the rich in wealth. From the court I trace him to the country; his equipage moves like a camp; every village bell proclaims his coming; the wondering peasants admire his pomp, and his heart runs over with joy.

But, alas! not satisfied with uncountable thousands, I accompany him *again* to India—I mark the variety of countenances which appear at his landing. Confusion spreads the news. Every passion seems alarmed. The wailing widow, the crying orphan, and the childless parent, remember and lament; the rival nabobs court his favor; the rich dread his power and the poor his severity. Fear and terror march like

pioneers before his camp ; murder and rapine accompany it ; famine and wretchedness follow in the rear !—

SHAKSPEARE'S OTHELLO.

Othello, who is apparently the hero of the fable, is one of the most memorable personages whose character and exploits are recorded either in fictitious or legitimate history. Though the vulgar idea, which figures him black, as an African, is absurd, yet he is unquestionably tawny as a Moor. He is a grim warrior in the wane of life, without any affectation of the courtier's softness, and without the least pretence to toilet beauty. With all a soldier's frankness, he declares that he is but moderately skilled in the arts either of public or private eloquence. He painfully alludes to the character of his complexion, and the harshness of his speech. Yet all this is nothing but the amiable modesty of sterling merit. We know from the context, that he is as valiant as Caesar, as frank as Antony, as magnanimous as Themistocles, and as sage as Solon. His intrepidity is of that genuine sort which is always tempered by the coolness of prudence and moderation. His nature is noble, his deportment dignified, his language undissembling, and his heart in his hand. The world's suffrage is on his side. He has all the confidence of the state and all the fondness of his friends. He is of royal lineage ; and, in the forcible language of the poet, who has immortalized him, is *every inch a king*. He has the daring courage of an adventurer, and the prescience and sagacity of a statesman. He has experienced all the vicissitudes of life, and has surveyed the wide world both as a soldier and a pilgrim. He is as patient of hardships as Lucius Cataline, nor less in love than he of the arduous, the romantic, and the incredible. The flinty and steel couch of war is his thrice driven bed of down. What is rugged to others is smooth to him. In strange and mysterious alliance, he unites the soul of candor, and the facility of a man of the world, with the stratagem of war, and the dignified reserve of a politician.

SPECIMENS OF ELOQUENCE.

EXTRACT FROM MR. BURKE'S SPEECH ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

As to the wealth which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy ; and yet the spirit, by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it ? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New-England have of late carried on the whale fishery. Whilst we follow them amongst the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straights, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue the gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprize, ever carried this most perilous mode of hard industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent

people ; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things ; when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not compressed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection ; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

MR. BURKE'S SPEECH AT BRISTOL, ON DECLINING
THE ELECTION.

GENTLEMEN,

I decline the Election.—It has ever been my rule through life, to observe a proportion between my efforts and my objects. I have never been remarkable for a bold, active, and sanguine pursuit of advantages that are personal to myself.

I have not canvassed the whole of this city in form. But I have taken such a view of it as satisfies my own mind, that your choice will not ultimately fall upon me. Your city, gentlemen, is in a state of miserable distraction ; and I am resolved to withdraw whatever share my pretensions may have had in its unhappy divisions. I have not been in haste ; I have tried all prudent means ; I have waited for the effect of all contingencies. If I were fond of a contest, by the partiality of my numerous friends (whom you know to be among the most weighty and respectable people of the city) I have the means of a sharp one in my hands. But I thought it far better, with my strength unspent, and my reputation unimpaired, to do, early and from foresight, that which I might be obliged to do from necessity at last.

I am not in the least surprised, nor in the least angry, at this view of things. I have read the book of life for a long time, and I have read other books a little. Nothing has happened to me, but what has happened to men much better than I, and in times and in nations full as good as the age and country that we live in. To say that I am no way concerned, would be neither decent nor true. The representation of *Bristol* was an object on many accounts dear to me ; and I certainly should very far prefer it to any other in the kingdom. My habits are made to it ; and it is in general more unpleasant to be rejected after long trial, than not to be chosen at all.

But, gentlemen, I will see nothing except your former kindness, and I will give way to no other sentiments than those of gratitude. From the bottom of my heart I thank you for what you have done for me. You have given me a long term, which is now expired. I have performed the conditions, and enjoyed all the profits to the full ; and I now surrender your estate into your hands without being in a single tile or a single stone impaired or wasted by my use. I have served the public for fifteen years. I have served you in particular, for six. What is passed is well stored. It is safe, and out of the power of fortune. What is to come, is in wiser hands than ours ; and he, in whose hands it is, best knows whether it is best for you and me in parliament, or even in the world.

Gentlemen, the melancholy event of yesterday reads to us an awful lesson against being too much troubled about any of the objects of ordinary ambition. The worthy gentleman, who has been snatched from us at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, whilst his desires were as warm ; and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

It has been usual for a candidate who declines, to take his leave by a letter to the sheriffs ; but I received your trust in the face of day ; and in the face of day I accept your dismissal. I am not,—I am not at all ashamed to look upon you ; nor can my presence

discompose the order of business here. I humbly and respectfully take my leave of the sheriffs, the candidates, and the electors; wishing heartily that the choice may be for the best, at a time which calls, if ever time did call, for service that is not nominal. It is no plaything you are about. I tremble when I consider the trust I have presumed to ask. I confided perhaps too much in my intentions. They were really fair and upright; and I am bold to say, that I ask no ill thing for you, when on parting from this place, I pray that whomever you choose to succeed me, he may resemble me exactly in all things, except in my ability to serve, and my fortune to please you.

CONCLUSION OF MR. BURKE'S SPEECH ON MR. FOX'S
EAST INDIA BILL.

And now having done my duty to the bill, let me say a word of the author. I should leave him to his own noble sentiments, if the unworthy and illiberal language with which he has been treated, beyond all example of parliamentary liberty, did not make a few words necessary; not so much in justice to him, as to my own feelings. I must say then, that it will be a distinction honorable to the age, that the rescue of the greatest number of the human race that ever were so grievously oppressed, from the greatest tyranny that was ever exercised, has fallen to the lot of abilities and dispositions equal to the task; that it has fallen to one who has the enlargement to comprehend, the spirit to undertake, and the eloquence to support, so great a measure of hazardous benevolence. His spirit is not owing to his ignorance of the state of men and things; he well knows what snares are spread about his path, from personal animosity, from court intrigues, and possibly from popular delusion. But he has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his darling popularity, for the benefit of a people whom he has never seen. This is the road that all heroes have trod before him. He is traduced

and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory : he will remember, that it was not only in the Roman customs, but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. These thoughts will support a mind, which only exists for honor, under the burthen of temporary reproach. He is doing indeed a great good ; such as rarely falls to the lot, and almost as rarely coincides with the desires of any man. Let him use his time. Let him give the whole length of the reins to his benevolence. He is now on a great eminence, where the eyes of mankind are turned to him. He may live long, he may do much. But here is the summit. He never can exceed what he does this day.

He has faults ; but they are faults that, though they may in a small degree tarnish the lustre, and sometimes impede the march of his abilities, have nothing in them to extinguish the fire of his great virtues. In those faults, there is no mixture of deceit, of hypocrisy, of pride, of ferocity, of complexional despotism, or want of feeling for the distresses of mankind. His are faults which might exist in a descendant of Henry the Fourth of France, as they did exist in that father of his country. Henry the Fourth wished that he might live to see a fowl in the pot of every peasant in his kingdom. That sentiment of homely benevolence was worth all the splendid sayings that are recorded of kings. But he wished perhaps for more than could be obtained, and the goodness of the man exceeded the power of the king. But this gentleman, a subject, may this day say this at least, with truth, that he secures the rice in his pot, to every man in India. A poet of antiquity thought it one of the first distinctions to a prince whom he meant to celebrate, that through a long succession of generations, he had been the progenitor of an able and virtuous citizen, who by force of the arts of peace, had corrected governments of oppression, and suppressed wars of rapine.

"Happy man ! How illustrious in your offspring ! What a citizen are you to give to the people of Ausonia in future times ! His fame shall extend beyond the Ganges and the Indus. The whole earth shall hear his voice, and the thunder of his eloquence shall silence the din of war."

This was what was said of the predecessor of the only person to whose eloquence it does not wrong that of the mover of this bill to be compared. But the Ganges and the Indus are the patrimony of the fame of my honorable friend, and not of Cicero. I confess I anticipate with joy the reward of those, whose whole consequence, power and authority, exist only for the benefit of mankind ; and I carry my mind to all the people, and all the names and descriptions, that, relieved by this bill, will bless the labors of this parliament, and the confidence which the best house of Commons has given to him who the best deserves it. The little cavils of party will not be heard, where freedom and happiness will be felt. There is not a tongue, a nation, or religion in India, which will not bless the presiding care, and manly beneficence of this house, and of him who proposes to you this great work. Your names will never be separated before the throne of the Divine Goodness, in whatever language or with whatever rites, pardon is asked for sin, and reward for those who imitate the Godhead in his universal bounty to his creatures. These honors you deserve, and they will surely be paid, when all the jargon of influence, and party, and patronage, are swept into oblivion.

I have spoken what I think, and what I feel, of the mover of this bill. An honorable friend of mine, speaking of his merits, was charged with having made a studied panegyrick. I don't know what his was. Mine, I am sure, is a studied panegyrick ; the fruit of much meditation ; the result of the observation of near twenty years. For my own part I am happy that I have lived to see this day ; I feel myself overpaid for the labors of eighteen years, when at this late period, I am able to take my share, by one humble

vote, in destroying a tyranny that exists to the disgrace of this nation, and the destruction of so large a part of the human species. *

EXTRACT FROM MR. BURKE'S SPEECH ON THE NABOB OF ARCOT'S DEBTS.

Among the victims to this magnificent plan of universal plunder, worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors, you have all heard (and he has made himself to be well remembered) of an Indian Chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the company under the name of the nabob of Arcot does the eastern, division of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures in the design of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. They declared the nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance with this rebel, at the gates of Madras. Both before and since that treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and on his part, it was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet council of English creditors would not suffer their nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince, at least his equal, the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the divan, black and white, of the nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali.—As to the outward members of the double, or rather treble government of Madras, which had signed the treaty, they were always prevented by some overruling influence (which they do not describe, but which cannot be misunderstood) from performing what justice and interest combined so evidently to enforce.

When at length, Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or

whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance ; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction ; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon. It suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.— Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered : others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function ; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

The alms of the settlement, in this dreadful exigency, were certainly liberal ; and all was done by charity that private charity could do ; but it was a people in beggary ; it was a nation which stretched out its hands for food. For months together, these creatures of sufferance, whose very excess and luxury in their most plenteous days had fallen short of the allowance of our austerest fasts, silent, patient, resigned, without sedition or disturbance, almost without complaint, perished by a hundred a day in the streets of Madras ; every day seventy at least laid their bodies in the streets, or on the glacis of Tanjore, and expired of famine in the granary of India. I was going to awake your justice towards this unhappy part of our fellow-citizens, by bringing before you some of the circumstances of this plague of hunger. Of all the calamities which beset and waylay the life of man, this comes the nearest to our heart, and is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is ; but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum ; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting ; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers ; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that on better thoughts, I find it more adviseable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your general conceptions.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore ; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed as they did the Carnatic, for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march, they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four footed beast of any description whatever. One dead, uniform, silence reigned over the whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally. I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception, who will support this assertion

in its full extent. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and these not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

The Carnatic is a country, not much inferior in extent to England. Figure to yourself, Mr. Speaker, the land in whose representation chair you sit ; figure to yourself the form and fashion of your sweet and cheerful country from Thames to Trent, north and south, and from the Irish to the German sea, east and west, emptied and embowelled (may God avert the omen of our crimes !) by so accomplished a desolation. Extend your imagination a little further, and then suppose your ministers taking a survey of this scene of waste and desolation ; what would be your thoughts if you should be informed, that they were computing how much had been the amount of the excises, how much the customs, how much the land and malt tax, in order that they should charge (take it in the most favorable light) for public service, upon the relics of the satiated vengeance of relentless enemies, the whole of what England had yielded in her most exuberant seasons of peace and abundance ? What would you call it ? To call it tyranny, sublimed into madness, would be too faint an image ; yet this very madness is the principle upon which the ministers at your right hand have proceeded in their estimate of the revenues of the Carnatic. when they were providing not supply for the establishments of its protection, but rewards for the authors of its ruin.

CONCLUSION OF MR. BURKE'S SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF HASTINGS.

I charge Warren Hastings, in the name of the Commons of England, here assembled, with high crimes and misdemeanors !—I charge him with fraud, abuse, treachery, and robbery ! I charge him with cruelties unheard of, and devastations almost without a

name ! I charge him with having scarcely left in India, what will prove satisfaction for his guilt.

And now I address myself to this assembly, with the most perfect reliance on the justice of this high court. Amongst you, I see a venerable and religious band, whose province and whose duty it is, to venerate that government which is established in piety and mercy. To them, what must have been the principles of Mr. Hastings.

Amongst you, I see the judges of England, the deliverers of law founded on equal justice. To them, what must have been the usurpations, the tyranny, the extortions of Warren Hastings.

Amongst you, I descry an illustrious and virtuous train of nobles, whose forefathers have fought and died for the constitution ! men who do even less honor to their children, than those children do to them, who are here assembled to guard that constitution which they have received. From them, what must the violator of all forms and constitutions deserve.

With one voice they will encourage this impeachment, which I here solemnly maintain.

I impeach, therefore, Warren Hastings, in the name of our holy religion, which he has disgraced. I impeach him in the name of the English constitution, which he has violated and broken. I impeach him in the name of Indian millions, whom he has sacrificed to injustice. I impeach him in the name and by the best rights of human nature, which he has stabbed to the heart. And I conjure this high and sacred court to let not these pleadings be heard in vain !

EXTRACT FROM MR. CURRAN'S SPEECH ON THE TRIAL
OF ROWAN.

This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as a part of the libel. If they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at

a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public reformation was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the Legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose: in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigotted malignity of any individuals been crushed? Or, has the stability of the government, or has that of the country been weakened? Or, is one million of subjects stronger than three millions? Do you think that the benefit they received should be poisoned by the stings of vengeance?—If you think so, you must say to them, “You have demanded your emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success; and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country.” I ask you, Gentlemen, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation, they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their Sovereign?—Or, do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth their advocate? I put it to your oaths, do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure;—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church—the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it—giving, I say, in the so much censured

words of this paper, "Universal Emancipation!"—I speak in the spirit of the British Law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil—which proclaims, even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the Genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced ;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him ;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down ;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of Slavery ;—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust ; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty ; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation !—

There is a sort of aspiring and adventurous credulity, which disdains assenting to obvious truths, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances, as its best ground of faith. To what other cause, Gentlemen, can you ascribe, that in the wise, the reflecting, the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been found guilty of a libel, for publishing those resolutions, to which the present minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name ! To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing, in such a country as Scotland, a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth ; cool and ardent, adventurous and persevering ; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science ; with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires ; crowned as she is with the spoils of every Art, and decked with the wreath of every Muse, from the deep and scrutinizing researches of her Humes, to the sweet

and simple, but not less sublime and pathetic morality of her Burns—how from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil, condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life?

I will not, for the justice and honor of our common country, suffer my mind to be borne away by the melancholy anticipation of Mr. Rowan's conviction; I will not relinquish the confidence, that this day will be the period of his sufferings; and however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country. But if, which heaven forbid, it hath still been unfortunately determined, that because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace; I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.

EXTRACT FROM MR. CURRAN'S SPEECH ON THE
TRIAL OF FINERTY.

The learned gentleman is pleased to say that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, Gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false?—I speak not now of the

public proclamation of informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward ; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory ; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting ; the number of horrid miscreants, who avowed upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy or is it fact ?—Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both ? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach ? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror ?—How his glance, like the lightning of Heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death ; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent. There was an antidote—*A Juror's oath*—but even that adamant chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of Eternal Justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the *informer's mouth*.—Conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted Juror, consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

Let me therefore remind you, that though the day may soon come when our ashes shall be scattered before the winds of Heaven, the memory of what you do cannot die ; it will carry down to your posterity your

honor or your shame. In the presence and in the name of that ever living God, I do therefore conjure you to reflect, that you have your characters, your consciences, that you have also the character, perhaps the ultimate destiny of your country in your hands. In that awful name, I do conjure you to have mercy upon your country and upon yourselves, and so to judge now as you will hereafter be judged.

EXTRACT FROM MR. WIRT'S SPEECH ON THE TRIAL
OF AARON BURR FOR HIGH TREASON.

A plain man who knew nothing of the curious transmutations which the wit of man can work, would be very apt to wonder, by what kind of legerdemain Aaron Burr had contrived to shuffle himself down to the bottom of the pack as an accessory, and turn up poor Blennerhasset as principal in this treason. It is an honor, I dare say, for which Mr. Blennerhasset is by no means anxious ; one which he has never disputed with Col. Burr, and which I am persuaded he would be as little inclined to dispute on this occasion, as on any other.

Since, however, the modesty of Col. Burr, declines the first rank, and seems disposed to force Mr. Blennerhasset into it, in spite of his blushes, let us compare the cases of the two men and settle this question of precedence between them. It may save a good deal of troublesome ceremony hereafter. In making this comparison, Sir, I shall speak of the two men, and of the part they bore as I believe it to exist and to be substantially capable of proof ; although the court has already told us, that as this is a motion to exclude all evidence, generally, we have a right, in resisting it, to suppose the evidence which is behind, strong enough to prove every thing and any thing compatible with the fact of Burr's absence from the island. If it will be more agreeable to the feelings of the prisoner to consider the parallel which I am about to run, or rather the contrast which I am about to exhibit, as a fiction, he is at liberty to do so ; I believe it to be a fact.

Who then is Aaron Burr, and what the part which he has borne in this transaction ? He is its author ; its projector ; its active executor. Bold, ardent, restless, and aspiring, his brain conceived it, his hand brought it into action. Beginning his operations in New-York, he associates with him, men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the main spring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New-York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks, and all descriptions. To youthful ardor, he presents danger and glory, to ambition, rank and titles, and honors ; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses, he presents the object adapted to his taste : his recruiting officers are appointed : men are engaged throughout the continent ; civil life is indeed quiet upon its surface ; but in its bosom this man has contrived to deposit the materials which with the slightest touch of his match produces an explosion to shake the continent. All this, restless ambition has contrived ; and in the Autumn of 1806, he goes forth for the last time to apply this match.—On this excursion he meets with Blennerhasset.

Who is Blennerhasset ? A native of Ireland, a man of letters ; who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. His history shews that war is not the natural element of his mind ; if it had been he would never have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhasset's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste, and science, and wealth ; and "to the desert smiled." Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him ; music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs is his, an extensive

library spreads its treasures before him ; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature : peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him ; and to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love and made him the father of her children. The *evidence* would convince you, Sir, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart—the destroyer comes—he comes to turn this paradise into a hell—yet the flowers do not wither at his approach, and no monitory shuddering through the bosom of their unfortunate possessor, warns him of the ruin that is coming upon him. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating powers of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous ; conscious of no designs itself, it suspects none in others ; it wears no guards before its breast ; every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blennerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition ; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage ; a daring and a desperate thirst for glory ; an ardor panting for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life.

In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene ; it has become flat and insipid to his taste : his books are abandoned ; his *re-tort and crucible* are thrown aside ; his shrubbery

blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain—he likes it not, his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music, it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar; even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unfelt and unseen. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Caesar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a desert; and in a few months, we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately permitted not the “winds of summer to visit too roughly,” we find her shivering at midnight on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the principal offender; while he by whom he was thus plunged and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessory. Sir, neither the human heart, nor the human understanding, will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason. O! no Sir. There is no man who knows any thing of this affair, who does not know that to every body concerned in it, Aaron Burr was as the sun to the planets which surround him; he bound them in their respective orbits, and gave them their light, their heat, and their motion. Let him not then shrink from the high destination which he has courted; and having already ruined Blennerhasset in fortune, character and happiness forever, attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill fated man between himself and punishment.

EXTRACT FROM MR. RUSSEL'S ORATION ON AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

It is a magnificent spectacle to behold a great people annually crowding their temples to consecrate the anniversary of their sovereignty. On such an occasion, the heart of every true American beats high with a just and noble pride. The black catalogue of injury, abuse, contempt and crime, which exhausted forbearance and drove us to resistance, rushes upon his mind. He passes in review those great men who then burst upon the world, and who endowed with every talent, and with every virtue, appeared to be expressly commissioned by Heaven to rule the storm of revolution. It was then, indeed, that human nature, which for eighteen centuries appeared nearly to have lost all those qualities which alone ennobled it, emerged at once from its degradation, and recovered the lustre with which it shone in the happiest days of antiquity.

On the islands of the Adriatic, the mountains of Biscay, and the rocks of Uri, the spirit of liberty had indeed successfully sought a refuge. But driven, at last, from all that could delight her on earth, she had already flapped her wings on the Glaciers of Switzerland, and was taking her flight towards heaven. The American people rose. They burst their fetters, they hurled them at their oppressors, they shouted, they were free. The sound broke across the Atlantic, it shook the fog-wrapped island of Britain, and re-echoed along the Alps. The ascending spirit heard it, she recognized in it the voice of her elect, and bearing her course westward, she rejoicing saw her incense rise from a thousand altars.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON THE RESURRECTION OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all as yet was quiet at the sepulchre. Death held his sceptre over the son of God—still and silent they passed on—the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on

their helmets and on their spears—the enemies of Christ exulted in their success—the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow—the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense, to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God ! at length the morning star arising in the east, announced the approach of light—the third day began to dawn upon the world, when on a sudden the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken—an angel of God descended—the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell prostrate on the ground—“ his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow”—he “ rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre and sat upon it !” But who is this that cometh from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death ? “ He that is glorious in his apparel, walking in the greatness of his strength ? It is thy Prince O Zion ! Christians ! it is your Lord ! He hath trodden the wine press alone ; he hath stained his raiment with blood : but now as the first born from the womb of nature, he meets the morning of his resurrection—he arises a conqueror from the grave—he returns with blessings from the world of spirits—he brings salvation to the sons of men ! Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious. It was the jubilee of the universe ! The morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ! The father looked down from his throne in the heavens with complacency—he beheld his world restored—he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice ; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended, as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations.

EXTRACT FROM DR. DWIGHT'S SERMON ON
DUELLING.

Come thou surviving, and in thine own view, fortunate and glorious champion ; accompany me to the

scenes of calamity, which thou hast created, and survey the mischiefs of duelling.

Go with me to yonder church-yard. Whose is that newly opened grave? If thou canst retain a steady eye, thou wilt perceive, that they denote a man, who yesterday beheld, and enjoyed, the light of the living. Then he shared in all the blessings and hopes of life. He possessed health, and competence, and comfort, and usefulness, and reputation. He was surrounded by neighbors who respected, and by friends who loved him. The wife of his youth found in him every joy, and the balm of every sorrow. The children of his bosom hung on his knees, to receive his embrace, and his blessing. In a thousand designs was he embarked, to provide for their support and education, and to settle them usefully and comfortably in the world. He inspired all their enjoyments; he lighted up all their hopes.

Yesterday he was himself a creature of hope, a probationer for immortality. The voice of mercy invited him to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to holiness, and to heaven. The day of grace shone, the smiles of forgiveness beamed upon his head. While this happy day lasted, God was reconcilable, his Redeemer might be found, and his soul might be saved. The night had not then come upon him, in which no man can work.

Where is he now? His body lies mouldering in that coffin. His soul has ascended to God, with all its sins upon its head, to be judged and condemned to wretchedness, which knows no end. Thy hand has hurried him to the grave, to the judgment, and to damnation. He affronted thee; and this is the expiation which thy revenge exacted. Turn now to the melancholy mansion, where, yesterday, his presence diffused tenderness, hope, and joy. Enter the door, reluctantly opening to receive even the most beloved guest. Here mark the affecting group assembled by this catastrophe. That venerable man fixed in motionless sorrow, whose hoary head trembles with emotions unutterable, and whose eye refuses a tear to les-

sen his anguish, is the father who begat him. That matron wrung with agony, is the mother who bore him. Yesterday he was their delight, their consolation, the staff of their declining years. To him they looked, under God, to lighten the evils of their old age ; to close their eyes on the bed of death, and to increase their transports throughout eternity.

But their comforts and their hopes have been crushed together. He is now a corpse, a tenant of the grave ; cut off in the bloom of life, and unprepared to the judgment. To these immeasurable evils thou hast added the hopeless agony of remembering, while they live, that he was cut off in a gross and dreadful act of sin, and without even a momentary space of repentance : a remembrance, which will envenom life, and double the pangs of death.

Turn thine eyes, next, on that miserable form surrounded by a cluster of helpless and wretched children. See here eyes rolling with phrenzy, and her frame quivering with terror. Thy hand has made her a widow, and her children orphans. At thee, though unseen, is directed that bewildered stare of agony. At thee she trembles ;—for thee she listens ; lest the murderer of her husband should be now approaching to murder her children also.

She and they have lost their all. Thou hast robbed them of their support, their protector, their guide, their solace, their hope. In the grave all these blessings have been buried by thy hand. If his affront to thee demanded this terrible expiation, what, according to thine own decision, must be the sufferings destined, to retribute the immeasurable injuries, which thou hast done to them ?

The day of this retribution is approaching. The voice of thy brother's blood crieth from the ground, and thou art now cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood. A mark is set upon thee by thy God ; not for safety, but for destruction. Disease, his avenging angel, is preparing to hurry thee to the bed of death. With what agonies wilt thou there recal thy malice, thy re-

venge, and the murder of thy friend ! With what ecstasy will thy soul cling to this world, and with what horror will it quake at the approach of eternity ! alone, naked, drenched in guilt, thou wilt ascend, to God. From him what reception wilt thou meet ?— From his voice what language wilt thou hear ?—“ *Depart thou cursed into everlasting fire.*” And lo ! the melancholy world of sin and suffering unfolds to receive thee. Mark, in the entrance, the man whom thou hast plundered of life and happiness, and heaven already waiting to pour on thy devoted head, for the infinite wrongs which thou hast done to him, the wrath and vengeance of eternity.

At the close of this awful survey, cast thine eyes once more around thee, and see thyself, and thy brother duellists, the examples, the patrons, and the sole causes of all succeeding duelling. Were the existing advocates of this practice to cease from upholding it ; were these to join their efforts to the common efforts of man, and hunt it out of the world ; it would never return. On thee, therefore, and thy companions, the innumerable and immense evils of future duelling are justly charged. To you, a band of enemies to the peace and safety of man, a host of Jeroboams, who not only sin, but make Israel to sin through a thousand generations, will succeeding ages impute their guilt, and their sufferings. Your efficacious and baleful examples, will make thousands of childless parents, distracted widows, and desolate orphans, after you are laid in the grave. You invite posterity to wrest the right of deciding private controversies out of the hands of public justice ; and to make force and skill the only umpires between man and man :— you entail perpetual contempt on the laws of man, and on the laws of God ; kindle the flames of civil discord ; and summon from his native abyss anarchy, the worst of fiends, to lay waste all the happiness, and all the hopes of mankind.

At the great and final day, your country will rise up in judgment against you to accuse you as the destroyers of her peace, and the murderers of her children.

Against you will rise up in judgment all the victims of your revenge, and all the wretched families, whom you have plunged in hopeless misery. The prowling Arab and the remorseless savage, will there draw nigh, and whiten their crimes by a comparison with yours. They indeed were murderers, but they were never dignified with the name, nor blessed with the privileges of Christians. They were born in blood, and educated to slaughter. They were taught from their infancy, that to fight, and to kill, was lawful, honorable, and virtuous. You were born in the mansion of knowledge, humanity, and religion. At the moment of your birth, you were offered up to God, and baptized in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. You were dandled on the knee, and educated in the school of piety. From the house of God, you have gone to the field of blood; and from the foot of the cross, to the murder of your friends. You have cut off life in the blossom, and shortened, to the wretched objects of your wrath, the day of repentance and salvation. The beams of the Sun of righteousness, shining with life-giving influence on them, you have intercepted; the smile of mercy, the gleam of hope, the dawn of immortality, you have overcast forever. You have glutted the grave with untimely slaughter, and helped to people the world of perdition. Crimsoned with guilt, and drunk with blood, Nineveh will ascend from the tomb, triumph over your ruin, and smile to see her own eternal destiny more tolerable than yours.

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

THE POLAR REGIONS.

—————the Muse
 Thence sweeps the howling margin of the main,
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
 As many a fathom to the bottom chain'd
 Had bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Hagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Lies conscious southward. Miserable they !
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun,
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long, long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Tells horrible.

PERISHING TRAVELLER.

As thus the snows arise ; and foul and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darkened air ;
 In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of
home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils,
These check his fearful steps : and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold.
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Ah ! happy they ! the happiest of their kind !
 Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence : (for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.)
 Let him ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing maiden, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days ;
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form :
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
 Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought ;

To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around.
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease, and alternate labor, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving heaven :
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy, and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign

INFLUENCE OF SPRING ON BIRDS

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
 And try again the long-forgotten strain.
 At first faint-warbled. But no-sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
 Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn :
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every rope

Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove :
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulation mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert : while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd,
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring : the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis naught

But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd
 Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
 Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

OBLIVION.

Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry ?
 Oh ! none :—another busy brood of beings
 Will shoot up in the interim, and none
 Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink,
 As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
 Of busy London ;—some short bustle's caus'd,
 A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
 And all's forgotten.—On my grassy grave,
 The men of future times will careless tread,
 And read my name upon the sculptur'd stone ;
 Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
 Recal my vanish'd memory.—I did hope
 For better things !—I hop'd I should not leave
 The earth without a vestige.

DECLINING HEALTH.

I only wake to watch the sickly taper
 Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 'tis the hand
 Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
 Slow sapping the warm current of existence,
 My moments now are few.—The sand of life
 Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
 And the last fleeting particle will fall
 Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
 Come, then, sad thought, and let us meditate,
 While meditate we may.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ALMERIA AND LEONORA IN THE
AISLE OF THE TEMPLE; FROM CONGREVE'S
MOURNING BRIDE.—ACT 2, SCENE 3.

Almeria and Leonora.

Alm. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.

Leo. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear or else some transient wind
Whistling thro' hollows of this vaulted aisle. We'll
listen.—

Leo Hark !

Alm. No, all is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful !

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft it's arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aking sight ; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand and let me hear thy voice ;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice ;—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Leo. Let us return, the horror of this place
And silence, will increase your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on : shew me Anselmo's tomb.—
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mould'ring earth
Of human bodies ; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed : that thought
Exerts my spirit, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill. Then shew me,
Lead me, for I'm bolder grown ; lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to heav'n, and my Alphonso's soul.

Leo Behold the sacred vault, within whose womb
The poor remains of good Anselmo rest,
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by time or worms.
What do I see ? O heav'n ! either my eyes

Are false or still the marble door remains
Unclos'd ; the iron grates that lead to death.
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me ;
And that dumb mouth significant in shew,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall rest ; shew me the grave, where nature weary
And long oppressed with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and sink in slumbers
Of peace eternal. Death, grim death will fold
Me in his leaden arms, and press me close
To his cold clayey breast. My father then
Will cease his tyranny, and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My soul enlarged from its vile bonds will mount
And range the starry orbs, and milky ways,
Of that refulgent world where I shall swim
In liquid light, and float on seas of bliss
To my Alphonso's soul. O joy too great !
O ecstasy of thought ! help me, Anselmo,
Help me, Alphonso ! take me, reach thy hand ;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee Alphonso,
O, Alphonso !

Enter Osmyn ascending from the tomb.

Osm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonso !

Alm. Angels ! and all the hosts of heav'n support me !

Osm. Whence is that voice, whose shrillness from
the grave

And growing to his father's shroud, roots up
Alphonso !

Alm. Mercy, Providence, O ! speak !
Speak to it quickly, quickly ; speak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy bosom from the light
And from my eyes.

Osm. Amazement and illusion !
Rivet and nail me where I stand, ye pow'rs !
That motionless I may be still deceived.
Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I dissolve

For him awaits no balmy sleep,
 He wakes all night, and wakes to weep,
 Or by his lonely lamp he sits,
 At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps,
 In feverish study and in moody fits,
 His mournful vigils keeps.

And Oh! for what consumes his watchful oil!
 For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
 'Tis for neglect and penury he doth toil in vain;
 'Tis for untimely death.
 Lo when dejected pale he lies,
 Despair depicted in his eyes,
 He feels the vital flame decrease;
 He sees the grave wide yawning for its prey,
 Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace
 And cheer the expiring ray.

By Sulmo's bard of mournful fame,
 By gentle Otway's magic name,
 By him, the youth who smiled at death,
 And rashly dared to stop his vital breath,
 Will I thy pangs proclaim:
 For still to misery closely thou'rt allied,
 Though goodly pageants glitter by thy side,
 And far resounding fame.
 What though to thee the dazzled millions bow,
And to thy posthumous merit bend them low;
 Though unto thee, the monarch looks with awe,
 And thou at thy *flashed* car, dost nations draw;
 Yet ah! unseen behind thee fly
 Corroding anguish, soul subduing pain,
 And discontent that clouds the fairest sky:
 A melancholy train.

Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
 Mocking thy derided state;
 Thee, chill Adversity, will still attend,
 Before whose face flies fast the summer friend,
 And leaves thee all forlorn,

While leaden ignorance rears her head and laughs.
And fat stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
With bee-eyed wisdom, Genius derides,
Who toils and every hardship doth out-brave,
To give the meed of praise when he is mouldering in
the grave.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the *tender mother* keeps :
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies
Smiles on her slumbering child, with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy :—
Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy,
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine ;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul ; but ah ! more blest than he !
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past ;
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away ;
And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou sweet mourner, at my stone appear
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?
Oh ! wilt thou come at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my wo,

HOSPITALITY.

Blest hospitality ! the poor man's pride,
The stranger's guardian, comforter, and guide ;

Whose cheering voice and sympathetic eye,
 Even angels honor as they hover nigh ;
 Confined (in mercy to our wandering race)
 To no one country, people, age, or place ;
 But for the homeless and the exil'd lives,
 And smiles the sweeter still the more she gives ;
 O if on earth one spot I e'er can claim,
 One humble dwelling, even without a name,
 Do thou, blest Spirit ! be my partner there,
 With sons of wo our little all to share ;
 Beside our fire the pilgrim's looks to see,
 That swim in moisture as he thinks on thee ;
 To hear his tales of wild woods wandering through ;
 His ardent blessings as he bids adieu ;
 Then let the selfish, hug their gold divine,
 Ten thousand dearer pleasures shall be mine :

SCENE FROM CAMPBELL'S GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

A scene of death ! where fires beneath the sun,
 And blended arms and white pavilions glow ;
 And for the business of destruction done,
 Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow.
 There, sad spectatress of her country's wo !
 The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
 Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
 On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
 Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm !

But short that contemplation, sad and short
 The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu !
 Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
 Where friendly swords were drawn and banners flew.
 Ah ! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
 Was near ? yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
 Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
 The ambush'd foeman's eye, his volley speeds,
 And Albert, Albert, falls : the dear old father bleeds !

And tranc'd in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd ;
 Yet while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,

Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops ? Oh God ! the life-blood is her own ;
And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown,
Weep not, O love ! she cries, to see me bleed ;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone ;
Heaven's peace commiserate ; for scarce I heed
These wounds ;—yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed.

• { Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
And when this heart has ceas'd to beat—Oh, think,
And let it mitigate thy wo's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh ! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust !

Go, Henry, go not back when I depart ;
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heav'n ; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last ?
No, I shall love thee still when death itself is past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more lov'd than ought beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth,
Of one dear pledge ; but shall there then be none,
In future times, no gentle little one,
'To clasp thy neck, and look resembling me !
Yet seems it, e'en while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love ! to die beholding thee !

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips ! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt

With love that could not die ! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah heart ; where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.

HAPPY POWER OF LOVE AND ADVICE TO CHERISH IT.

When vexed by cares and harrassed by distress,
The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,
Let Love, consoling Love ! still sweetly bless,
And his assuasive balm benignly shed :
His downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread
Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose :
To love, the tender heart hath ever fled,
As on its mother's breast the infant throws
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

O fondly cherish then the lovely plant,
Which lenient heaven hath given thy pains to ease ;
Its lustre shall thy summer hours enchant,
And load with fragrance every prosperous breeze,
And when rude winter shall thy roses seize,
When nought thro' all thy bowers but thorns remain,
This still with undeciduous charms shall please,
Screen from the blast and shelter from the rain,
And still with verdure cheer the desolated plain.

Through the hard season Love with plaintive note,
Like the kind red-breast tenderly shall sing,
Which swells mid dreary snows its tuneful throat,
Brushing the cold dews from its shivering wing,
With cheerful promise of returning spring
To the mute tenants of the leafless grove.
Guard thy best treasure from the venom'd sting
Of baneful peevishness ; Oh ! never prove
How soon ill-temper's power can banish gentle Love !

Repentance may the storms of passion chase,
And Love, who shrunk affrighted from the blast,
May hush his just complaints in soft embrace,
And smiling wipe his tearful eye at last :

Yet when the winds rude violence is past,
Look what a wreck the scattered fields display !
See on the ground the withering blossoms cast !
And hear sad Philomel with piteous lay
Deplore the tempest's rage that swept her young away.

The tears capricious beauty loves to shed,
The pouting lip the sullen silent tongue,
May wake the impassioned lover's tender dread,
And touch the string that clasps his soul so strong ;
But Ah, beware ! the gentle power too long
Will not endure the frown of angry strife ;
He shuns contention, and the gloomy throng
Who blast the joys of calm domestic life,
And flies when discord shakes her brand with quarrels
rife.

Oh ! he will tell you that these quarrels bring
The ruin, not renewal of his flame ;
If oft repeated, lo ! on rapid wing
He flies to hide his fair but tender frame ;
From violence, reproach or peevish blame,
Irrevocably flies. Lament in vain !
Indifference comes the abandoned heart to claim,
Asserts forever her repulsive reign,
Close followed by Disgust and all her chilling train.

Indifference, dreaded power ! what art shall save
The good so cherished from thy grasping hand ?
How shall young Love escape the untimely grave
Thy treacherous arts prepare ? or how withstand
The insidious foe, who with her leaden band
Enchains the thoughtless slumbering deity ?
Ah, never more to wake ! or e'er expand
His golden pinions to the breezy sky,
Or open to the sun his dim and languid eye.

THE SOLDIER OF THE ALPS.

*In the vallies yet lingered the shadows of night,
Though red on the glaciers the morning sun shone,*

When our moss-covered church-tower first broke on
my sight,
As I cross'd the vast oak o'er the cataract thrown.

For beyond that old church-tower, embosomed in pines
Was the spot which contained all the bliss of my life,
Near yon grey granite rock, where the red ash reclines,
Stood the cottage where dwelt my loved children and
wife.

Long since did the blast of the war trumpet cease,
The drum slept in silence, the colors were furled,
Serene over France rose the day star of peace,
And the beams of its splendor gave light to the world.

When near to the land of my fathers I drew,
And the dawn-light her features of grandeur unveiled,
As I caught the first glimpse of her ice-mountains blue,
Our old native Alps with what rapture I hailed.

" Oh soon, I exclaimed, will those mountains be pass'd,
And soon shall I stop at my own cottage door,
There my children's caresses will greet me at last,
And the arms of my wife will enfold me once more.

" While the fulness of joy leaves me powerless to speak,
Emotions which language can never define,
When her sweet tears of transport drop warm on my
cheek,
And I feel her fond heart beat once more against mine.

" Then, my boy, when our tumults of rapture subside,
Will anxiously ask how our soldiers have sped,
Will flourish my bay'net with infantile pride,
And exultingly place my plumed cap on his head.

" Then my sweet girl will boast how her chamois has
grown,
And make him repeat all his antics with glee,
Then she'll haste to the vine that she claims as her own,
And fondly select its ripe clusters for me.

" And when round our fire we assemble to-night,
With what interest they'll list to my tale of the war,
How our shining arms gleamed on St. Bernard's vast
height,
While the clouds in white billows rolled under us far.

" Then I'll tell how the legions of Austria we braved,
How we fought on Marengo's victorious day,
When the colors of conquest dejectedly waved,
Where streamed the last blood of the gallant Dessaix."

'Twas thus in fond fancy my bosom beat light
As I crossed the rude bridge where the wild waters
roll,
When each well-known scene crowded fast on my
sight,
And hope's glowing visions come warm to my soul.

Through the pine grove I hastened with footsteps of air,
Already my loved one's I felt in embrace,
When I came, of my cot not a vestige was there—
But a hillock of snow was heap'd high in its place.

The heart-rending story too soon did I hear—
An avalanche, loosed from the near mountain's side,
Our cottage o'erwhelmed in its thundering career,
And beneath it my wife and my children had died.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

From sultry Mobile's gulf-indented shore
To where Ontario hears his Lawrence roar,
Strech'd o'er the broad-backed hills in long array,
The tenfold Alleghanies meet the day,
And show, far sloping from the plains and streams,
The forest azure streak'd with orient beams.
High moved the scene, Columbus gazed sublime,
And thus in prospect hail'd the happy clime :
*Blest be the race thy guardian guide shall lead
Where these wide vales their various bounties spread.*

Takes every course to reach alone the main ;
Orient awhile his bending sweep he tries,
Now drains the southern, now the northern skies.
Searches and sunders far the globe's vast frame,
Reluctant joins the sire and takes at last his name:

Now where the lakes, those midland oceans, lie,
Columbus turn'd his heaven-illumined eye.
Ontario's banks unable to retain
The five great caspians from the distant main,
Burst with the ponderous mass, and forceful whirl'd
His Lawrence forth, to balance thus the world.
Above, bold Erie's wave sublimely stood,
Look'd o'er the cliff and heaved his headlong flood ;
Where dread Niagara bluffs high his brow
And frowns defiance to the world below.
White clouds of mist expanding o'er him play,
And tinge their skirts in all the beams of day ;
Pleased Iris wantons in perpetual pride
And bends her rainbows o'er the dashing tide.

AMERICAN SCENERY RARELY DESCRIBED BY THE
MUSE.

Sons of the city ! ye whom crouds and noise
Bereave of peace and nature's rural joys,
And ye, who love through woods and wilds to range,
Who see new charms in each successive change ;
Come, roam with me Columbia's forests through,
Where scenes sublime shall meet your wandering view
Deep shades magnificent, immensely spread ;
Lakes sky-encircled ; vast as ocean's bed ;
Lone hermit streams that wind through savage woods
Enormous cataracts swol'n with thund'ring floods ;
The settler's farm with blazing fires o'erspread ;
The hunter's cabin, and the Indian's shed ;
The log-built hamlet, deep in wilds embrac'd ;
The awful silence of the unpeopled waste :
These are the scenes the Muse shall now explore:
Scenes new to song and paths untrod before.

To Europe's shores renowned in deathless song,
 Must all the honors of the bard belong ?
 And rural poetry's enchanting strain
 Be only heard beyond th' Atlantic main ?
 Shall *nature's* charms that bloom so lovely here,
 Unhailed arrive, unheeded disappear ;
 While bare bleak heaths and brooks of half a mile
 Can rouse the thousand bards of Britain's Isle.
There, scarce a stream creeps down its narrow bed,
 There, scarce a hillock lifts its little head,
 Or humble hamlet peeps their glades among
 But lives and murmurs in immortal song.
 Our western world, with all its matchless floods,
 Our vast transparent lakes and boundless woods,
 Stamp'd with the traits of majesty sublime,
 Unhonored weep the silent lapse of time,
 Spread their wild grandeur to th' unconscious sky,
 In sweetest seasons pass unheeded by ;
 While scarce one Muse returns the songs they gave,
 Or seeks to snatch their glories from the grave.

THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Hail, charming river ! pure transparent flood !
 Unstain'd by noxious swamps or choking mud ;
 Thundering through broken rocks in whirling foam ;
 Or pleas'd o'er beds of glittering sand to roam ;
 Green be thy banks, sweet forest-wandering stream !
 Still may thy waves with finny treasures teem ;
 The silvery shad and salmon crowd thy shores,
 Thy tall woods echoing to the sounding oars,
 On thy swol'n bosom floating piles appear,
 Fill'd with the harvests of our rich frontier :
 Thy pine-brown'd cliffs, thy deep romantic vales,
 Where wolves now wander, and the panther wails,
 Where, at long intervals, the hut forlorn
 Peeps from the verdure of embowering corn,
 In future times, (not distant far the day)
 Shall glow with crowded towns and villas gay ;

Unnumber'd keels thy deepen'd course divide ;
And airy arches pompously bestride ;
The domes of science and religion rise,
And millions swarm where now a forest lies.

MEANS OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

To nurse the arts and fashion freedom's lore
Young schools of science rise along the shore ;
Great without pomp, their modest walls expand,
Harvard and Yale and Princeton grace the land,
Penn's student halls, his youths with gladness greet;
On James's bank Virginian Muses meet,
Manhattan's mart collegiate domes command,
Bosom'd in groves, see growing Dartmouth stand;
Bright o'er its realm reflecting solar fires,
On yon tall hill Rhode-Island's seat aspires.

Thousands of humbler name around them rise,
Where homebred freemen seize the solid prize ;
Fixt in small spheres, with safer beams to shine,
They reach the useful and refuse the fine,
Found, on its proper base, the social plan,
The broad plain truths, the common sense of man,
His obvious wants, his mutual aids discern,
His rights familiarize, his duties learn,
Feel moral fitness all its force dilate,
Embrace the village and comprise the state.
Each rustic here who turns the furrow'd soil,
The maid, the youth that ply mechanic toil,
In equal rights, in useful arts inured,
Know their just claims and see their claims secure.
They watch their delegates, each law revise,
Its faults designate, and its merits prize,
Obey, but scrutinize ; and let the test
Of sage experience prove and fix the best.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne ;

From the grave architect of Greece and Rome,
 Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
 The worst for care and undeserv'd abuse,
 The first in real dignity and use,
 (If skill'd to teach and diligent to rule)
 Is the learn'd master of a little school.
 Not he who guides the legs, or skills the clown
 To square his fists, and knock his fellow down;
 Not he who shows the still more barbarous art
 To parry thrusts and pierce the unguarded heart;
 But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
 Still toils the opening reason to enlarge;
 And leads the growing mind, through every stage,
 From humble A, B, C, to God's own page;
 From black, rough *pothooks*, horrid to the sight;
 To fairest lines that float o'er purest white;
 From numeration, through an opening way,
 Till dark annuities seem clear as day;
 Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
 Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,
 Till earth's remotest bounds, and heaven's bright train
 He trace, weigh, measure, picture and explain.

 A VISION.

On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
 Pensive, I saw the circling shades descend;
 Weary and faint, I heard the storm arise,
 While the sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
 No friendly planet lent its glimm'ring ray;
 E'en the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
 Where toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound,
 The village cur 'twere transport then to hear;
 In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
 While the rude storm alope distress'd mine ear.

**

R

As led by *Orwell's* winding barks I stray'd,
 Where tow'ring *Walsey* breath'd his native air,
 A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
 The sounding winds were hush'd and all was fair.

Instant a graceful form appear'd confest ;
 White were his locks, with awful scarlet crown'd,
 And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
 That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger," he said, "amid this pealing rain,
 "Blighted, lonesome, whither wouldst thou stray ?
 "Does wealth or pow'r thy weary steps constrain ?
 "Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

"For know, I trod the trophy'd paths of pow'r ;
 "Felt every joy that fair ambition brings,
 "And left the lonely roof of yonder bow'r
 "To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

"I bade low hinds the tow'ring ardor share,
 "Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone ;
 "I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
 "And bade his wholesome dictate guard the throne.

"Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw ;
 "I saw proud empires my decision wait ;
 "My will was duty, and my word was law,
 "My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

Ah me ! said I, nor pow'r I seek, nor gain ;
 Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure ;
 A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
 And from his friend's condolence hopes a cure.

He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
 Nor can mine honors nor my fields extend ;
 Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
 Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

*Beneath that home I scorn the wint'ry wind ;
 The Spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree*

And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee.

Yet, tho' averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless, I languish to bestow ;
And tho' no friend to fame's obstrep'rous blast,
Still to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

Too proud with servile tone to deign address ;
Too mean to think that honors are my due ;
Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

But tell me, thou ! that, like a meteor's fire
Shot'st blazing forth, disdaining dull degrees,
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these ?

Must I not groan beneath a guilty load ?
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray ?
Does not felonious envy bar the road ?
Or falsehood's treach'rous foot beset the way ?

Say, should I pass thro' favor's crowded gate,
Must not fair truth inglorious wait behind ?
Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find ?

Nurs'd in the shades by freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of fortune own ?
Taught by the voice of pious truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adore a throne ?

And when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks imbosom, and which hills defend ?

O ! if these ills the price of pow'r advance,
Check not my speed, where social joys invite ;
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night.

CASTLE OF FANCY.

In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,
My castle of fancy was built,
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt:

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state,
Enamell'd the mansion around,
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with garden and ground.

I had grottos, and fountains, and orange tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told,
I had sweet shady seats for the gods and their loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and rolled,
While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay,
And when I wak'd up in the morning, behold,
My castle was carried away.

It passed over rivers, and mountains, and groves,
The world, it was all in my view,
I thought of my friends, of their fates and their loves,
And often, full often, of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
Which nature in silence had made,
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,
And chequered with sunshine and shade.

I gazed and I envied with painful good will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air,
When all on a sudden my castle stood still,
As if some attraction were there.

Like a bird in the air it came fluttering down,
And plac'd me exactly in view,
And whom should I meet in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness, but you.

Rejoiced to find you in honor and ease,
 I felt no more sorrow or pain,
 The wind blowing fair, I ascended the breeze,
 And went back with my castle again.

MR. COOKE'S ADDRESS ON THE PHILADELPHIA STAGE.*

While from Erin remote, where an infant I've play'd,
 And remote from the white-cliff Britannia, I roam,
 In this freedom-blest clime, where a stranger I've
 stray'd,
 I have found all the sweets and endearments of home.

I have found truth and friendship ennobling the mind,
 In the soul I have found hospitality's glow,
 Wit, learning, and taste, brilliant, deep, and refin'd,
 With all that from science and virtue can flow.

Nor unjust let me be to the fame of the fair,
 To that beauty so radiant that breaks on my sight,
 Which might light up a smile on the brow of despair,
 As it sparkles around like the gems of the night.

Such charms have I found in sweet unison join'd,
 Through the land where my wandering footsteps
 have led,
 From the lofty, whose brows are with honors intwin'd,
 To the lowly, who tenant the cottage or shed.

But to me—*here** the choicest of treasures I've found,
 That treasure my soul never ceases to prize,
 'Tis the plaudits commingling, that generously sound,
 From the boxes, the pit, and *yon gods in the skies* !†

Those plaudits hath gratitude register'd *here*,‡
 Over which oft shall memory breathe a fond sigh,
 And soft sensibility gem with a tear,
 As pure as a dewdrop from beauty's moist eye.

* On the Philadelphia stage.

† The gallery.

‡ On the tablet of my heart.

Even when towards bright Albion I glide on the gale,
 Though terror should rise in his ghastliest form ;
 Though tempests pursue me and thunders assail,
 The remembrance will sooth 'mid the roar of the storm.

But will you ?—say ?—will you, when far over sea,
 The friends of my youth to revisit I fly,
 Will you still in your breasts cherish kindness for me ?
 And sometimes remember my name with a sigh !

Farewell ; generous patrons !—I'm no actor *here*.
 Reality swells while I bid you adieu !
 Long may Hamlets, Othellos, and Richards appear,
 Of Shakspeare still worthy, and worthy of you.

WINDSOR.

Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze
 To Windsor's shady kind retreat,
 Where sylvan scenes, wide spreading trees
 Repel the raging dog star's heat.

Where tufted grass and mossy beds
 Afford a rural calm repose ;
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays ;
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And through the flowery meadows strays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
 His vales with smiling plenty swell,
 Where e'er his purer stream is seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me, thy clear, thy yielding wave,
 With naked arm once more divide ;

§ In my heart.

In thee, my glowing bosom lave,
And stem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some ozier's dusky shade,
Where water lilies paint the ground,
And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let Clarinda too be there,
With azure mantle lightly drest,
Ye nymphs, bind up her silken hair,
Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breast.

O haste away, fair maid, and bring
The muse, the kindly friend to love,
To thee alone the muse shall sing
And warble through the vocal grove.

SONNET, FROM PETRARCH.

Nor stars that roll on high their wand'ring train,
Nor barks that glide along the glassy flood,
Nor warriors, blazing on the tented plain,
Nor deer gay bounding through the gloomy wood,
Nor tidings that delight the longing breast,
Nor dulcet warblings of the love tun'd lyre,
Nor limpid founts, nor meads in verdure drest,
Made vocal by the virgin's beauteous quire,
Nor aught besides my grief-worn heart can prize,
Since she, the light, and mirror of my eyes,
Sleeps in the dust. By speechless woes impell'd,
I call for death, blest bound'ry to my pain,
Still panting to behold those charms again,
Which, ah! 'twere best I never had beheld!

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

Sweet the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh ;

And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest.

Have you lost a friend, a brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes, that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss.

Yes! but when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
Anna left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave, the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror, then, your heart congealing
Chill'd you with intense despair;
Can you recollect the feeling?
No! there was no feeling, there!

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,

How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you alone !

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache ?
No, the tortur'd nerve will languish
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
One faint smile of comfort stole ;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss forever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And, when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs, the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak ;
Prov'd the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek !

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising
Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

COLUMBIAN READER:

Thither all your wishes bending
Rose in ecstasy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruis'd and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend ! and, by this token,
You have felt, THE JOY OF GRIEF.

THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild ;
I perish ;—Oh my mother earth !
Take home thy child !

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee ;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,
Resembling me.

Hark !—a strange sound affrights mine ear ;
My pulse—my brain runs wild—I rave :
—Ah ! who art thou whose voice I hear ?
“ I am the Grave !

COLUMBIAN READER.

"The grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide :
O listen !—I will speak no more :
Be silent, pride !

"Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
A victim of consuming care ?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair ?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times,
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast,
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest ?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee ?
Ah ! think not, hope not, Fool ! to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell !
By the dread secrets of my womb !
By death and hell !

"I charge thee, live !—repent and pray ;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a mourner ?—hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights ?
Endearing days forever flown
And tranquil nights ?

"O live !—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a wanderer ?—hast thou seen
Overwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?

A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark ?

" Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Live !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

" To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow ?

" Live !—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told :
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

" Go seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And sooth the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

" In woman hast thou placed thy bliss,
And did the fair one faithless prove ?
Hath she betray'd thee with a kiss,
And sold thy love ?

" Live !—'twas a false bewildering fire,
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,
But kills the heart.

" A nobler flame shall warm thy breast
A brighter maiden's virtuous charms !
Blest shalt thou be, supremely blest,
In Beauty's arms.

" Whate'er thy lot—whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

" A bruised reed he will not break,
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal !

" Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his providence adore :
'Tis done !—Arise ! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

" Now, traveller in the vale of tears ;
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight :

" There IS a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep,
Low in the ground ;

" The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day !

" The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky ;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
'Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,

With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year :
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brocks, and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy beauty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
Shade unperceiv'd so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft with brute unconscious gaze,
Man, marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring,
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes :
Oh talk of Him, in solitary glooms !
Where o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonished world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs and fruits and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls ; be hush'd the prostrate world ;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn,
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye vallies, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;

There let the shepherd's flute the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For, me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams ;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educating good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable :
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

THE END.









